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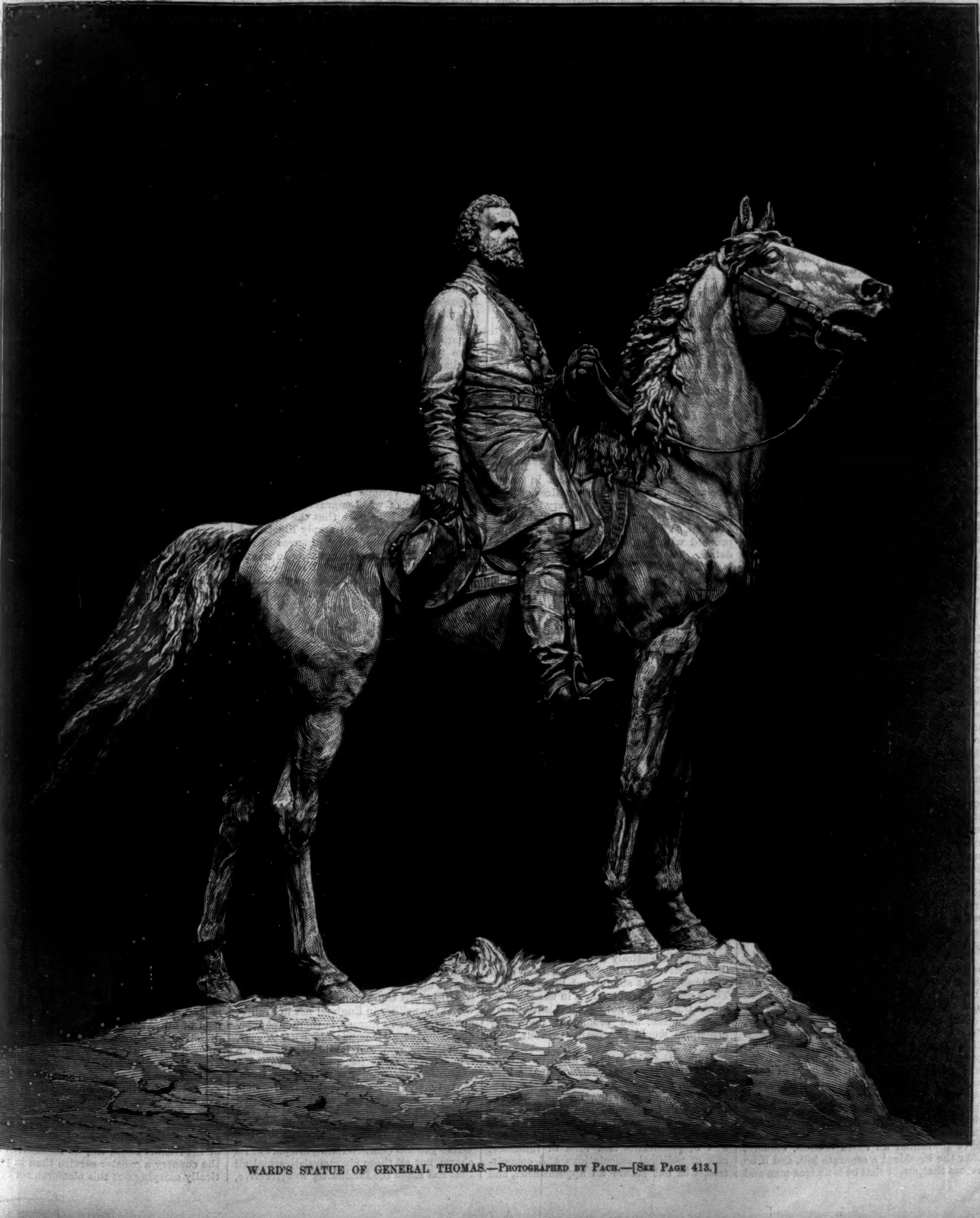


WARD'S STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 413.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 24, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains two very interesting engravings, and an attractive story entitled "How I Feel About It."*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A POLICY OF BLUNDERS.

If the Democrats in Congress knew with what contempt their proceedings are regarded by the intelligent opinion of all parties in the country, they certainly would not prolong them. The position of the President is evident, and it is both impregnable and patriotic. It was plainly stated in the veto message, and it has been shown by all that he has officially said and done. If the Democratic object be simply to prevent wanton and arbitrary military interference at the polls, it is already secured by existing laws, as the President has proved. But if that object be to prevent the people of the United States from enforcing their own laws, when necessary, every where in the Union, and by all the military, naval, and civil power of the country, it is an object which will not be accomplished with the consent of a Republican Administration. No military interference with elections is now legally possible. Under the law the army can neither influence nor intimidate a single voter. There are and can be no bayonets at the polls. The only thing that threatens freedom of elections is Democratic bulldozing and fraud. What, then, is the significance of the outcry about the army at the polls? What is the meaning of this extraordinary jealousy of the government of the people of the United States? It is simply, as we have heretofore shown, an attempt to establish the fundamental doctrine of the rebellion, that the United States can not enter a State except upon the invitation of the State. This was Jefferson Davis's contention: "All that we ask is to be let alone."

No ingenuity of phrase, no buncombe allusions to English precedents which are wholly inapplicable, no affected apprehensions of "bayonets" and "oppression" and "tyranny," which every sensible American treats with the contempt they merit, can obscure the object of this Democratic performance. In the total lack of any policy or principle with which to appeal to the country for the election next year, with the extinction in overwhelming ridicule, in cipher dispatches and in the proceedings of Congress, of the pretense of "reform," the Democratic managers, at their wits' end, have undertaken to raise a wholly feigned and factitious issue about the army at the polls. Bulldozers and repeaters and fraudulent voters suddenly and solemnly demand "free elections" against the Republicans, who have secured greater freedom of elections than has been known for half a century. And this fine cry is meant to give immunity to the fraud and violence at the polls which are now the chief menace of the public peace. With a genius for blundering, which is the sole surviving characteristic of Democratic ability, the managers have invited the attention of the country to the facts and the arguments against them; they have given the President an opportunity to expose conclusively their malice and their folly; and they have themselves dissipated the force of their cry by compelling every body to know that it is utterly baseless. It is plain to the dullest sense that the result of their policy as originally proposed would be to facilitate cheating and violence, to protect tissue ballots and repeating, under the plea of freeing the ballot-box from bayonets. It is seething the kid in its mother's milk; it is stabbing liberty in the name of liberty; and this is the party which hopes to commend itself to support as especially patriotic and especially jealous of popular rights and liberties.

In the pursuit of this scheme the blunder has developed every moment. The Democrats forced an extra session. They declared, through Messrs. Beck and Thurman and Blackburn, that if they could not accomplish their purpose constitutionally, they would disorganize the government. This threat aroused the country thoroughly, and the veto was sustained by an overwhelming public opinion. Instead of keeping the word given by their leaders, the Democrats decided to yield, and to try to call it victory instead of surrender. As we write, they are proposing to do what they should have done during the late session, and so have prevented an extra session, namely, offer the President a separate bill, and if he vetoes that, swear that he is no true man and let him go. The whole proceeding has been, upon the part of the Democrats, a huge and ridiculous blunder. But it has had the good effect of showing all patriotic and intelligent citizens the impregnable grounds of the national election laws, and the vital necessity of their maintenance. Partywise, the Democratic tactics have united the Republican party, and made it more than ever the national organization for the maintenance of free elections, of popular rights, and of the legitimate national authority over every inch of the Union.

STEPS FORWARD.

There has been so much derision and incredulity about civil service examinations in the New York Custom-house, that it is the duty of those who are interested in the subject, and who have personal knowledge of these examinations, to give their evidence for the benefit of that great and intelligent public which sees more and more clearly that no reform is more indispensable than that of the method of appointment and promotion and removal in the minor civil service. The chief value of the method now honestly enforced in the two chief public offices of the kind in the country, the New York Custom-house and the New York Post-office, is the proof that it affords of the practicability of obtaining competent and efficient incumbents without "influence," or "pressure," or entreaty, or intercession of any kind. The Post-office has been long managed on a sound system, which experience has now completed by introducing competition, and it is confessedly, in point of efficiency and satisfaction to the public, the best large post-office in the country. The method is of very recent introduction at the Custom-house, but it has been observed there with perfect integrity. There has been no kind of evasion or collusion. The examinations have been conducted with the utmost care and intelligence; the papers have been prepared with great good sense, involving mainly knowledge which would be immediately required in the discharge of official duty; the attendance of conspicuous and impartial citizens has been sought as witnesses of the good faith of the proceeding; and the result has been in every case thus far, to our personal knowledge, the selection and appointment of the competitor who had shown himself to be most competent.

There has been sharp criticism of some changes in certain superior customs offices as inconsistent with an honest regard for the principles of a sound service. But it can not fairly be expected that in every case and at every point the practices of fifty years are to be changed, and every form and degree of abuse removed in a twinkling. Reforms, so far as we have observed, do not proceed with perfect consistency in every detail. The history of this reform in England, admirably sketched in a late article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, shows how slowly and incompletely such a movement advances. The particular criticism of which we speak assumes that removals have been wantonly made for mere political and illicit reasons, and that the assertion of an actual change of system is therefore ridiculous. We speak, however, of what we know when we say that the change in the method of appointment to vacancies in clerkships and inspectorships is actual, and not merely pretended. There have been some removals which are alleged to be without just cause. That, however, will be alleged in the case of every removal which is not made for a declared reason, such as dishonesty, or proved neglect, or similar offense. But obviously there may be legitimate reasons for removal which the superior officer, under any system, is not bound to disclose. It does not follow that they involve the character of the person removed, nor ought it to be part of a sound system that no one shall be removed without charges, arraignment, and evidence. Much must be left to a wise discretion of removal, if it be provided that all inducements to its illicit exercise shall be destroyed. That, we grant, is impossible so long as an appointment to the vacancy may be made at will; and although action in such a case may be entirely honest and free from illicit motive, it will be necessarily so open to abuse that it should not be permitted. There are very few positions in the Custom-house that might not be filled adequately by promotion, and promotion upon fair principles would effectually prevent arbitrary removal.

Among the places to be filled by proved proficiency are the weigherships, which have been regarded as among the best prizes. An examination for promotion to such a post has been lately held, and with the same fairness as all the others. As it becomes generally understood that the letters of politicians and men of influence, and of political associations and committees, will not secure an appointment, and that despite piles of such recommendations the man who shows upon examination that he lacks the knowledge necessary to do the duty of the place will be set aside for him who, without the least influence, shows that he has the knowledge—as this becomes known, the chief officers at the Custom-house will be relieved of the endless and annoying importunity of place-hunters and place-brokers, whether members of Congress or other high dignitaries. Besides this, the ordinary office-seeker will disappear, and intelligent young men, seeing that an honorable career is opened to talent and capacity, will compete for places in the public service. One of the most commonplace sneers at a sensible system is that the places would be filled by clergymen and school-masters, as if such persons would probably be more inefficient than bummers and boozers, or as if intelligent and educated men were less likely to show the special faculty required in a public office than the ignorant and shiftless. A fair examination often shows that men who apply for office, and who are fortified with recommendations that, under a system of patronage, would secure their appointment, are absolutely ignorant of the simplest requirements of desks to which they ask to be appointed; and such an examination will also often show, on the other hand, that those who are most competent for their places have been peremptorily and wantonly removed. The friends of a real reform throughout the country may be assured that in the two great public offices in New York, the Post-office, and the Collector's and Surveyor's offices and that of the Naval Officer in the Custom-house, the system of appointment by merit to the places to which the system is applied—and they are the vast mass of them—is thoroughly and honestly enforced.

"HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

The June number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, which will be issued, as usual, by the middle of May, begins the fifty-ninth volume of a periodical which has had an unparalleled popularity and prosperity for more than a generation, and which, amid all changes, still maintains its extraordinary precedence. It was the pioneer of great illustrated magazines in this country. It addressed itself directly to the mass of intelligent people, and sought to entertain and instruct by laying under contribution all the genius of the English-speaking race, and by avoiding topics of contention, which had their especial and adequate organs of every kind. It added to this attraction a profusion of various illustrations in the highest style of wood-engraving, and with this it has so kept pace that the series of volumes of *Harper* is an amply illustrated history of the astonishing progress of the delightful art of wood-engraving in America. This progress is one of the striking phenomena of the last half century, and the enthusiast might fancy Bewick looking at the June number of *Harper* with seraphic admiration.

The secret of the continuous prosperity of the *Magazine* is its flexibility and constant adaptation to the advancing popular taste. It has not permitted itself to become old-fashioned, or to despise the newer taste and the more modern feeling, but it has, in fact, rather anticipated than followed the popular demand, without renouncing in the least degree the principles which originally secured its first great success. It is no more polemical now than at first. It appeals to no special class, or interest, or clique. Its constant tone of urbanity and declination of partisan or sectarian discussion secure it a universal welcome, which it has retained not by a want of character, but by a character both positive in itself and attractive to every taste. During its long career it has more than once renewed its general appearance in type and form, without violence, so to speak, with no revolutionary emphasis, but in a way still to keep its place and its hold, and to assure its friends that whatever any of the fine or mechanical arts in book manufacture can accomplish shall be turned to their advantage.

The June number of the *Magazine*, in pursuance of this purpose, will be the handsomest number of a popular magazine ever issued in this country, and therefore in the world, for neither in England nor in France, nor elsewhere in Europe, is there a popular magazine at all comparable with *Harper*. A new, enlarged, and legible type, with a somewhat broader page, and a wealth of exquisite illustration, with articles fresh, racy, timely, and of valuable instruction, will together compose what the French would call a "monumental number." Old friends will find nothing painfully new and strange in the aspect of the familiar visitor, whose general characteristics are part of its charm, but all those characteristics, and all that has made the familiarity so attractive, will be only enhanced and adorned. Much has happened since the airy sprites upon the well-known cover began to blow their bubbles and to scatter their flowers. But through every change, within and without, personal and national and universal, they have still touched the heart of the reader with the rainbow tints of hope and romance, still strewn his path with the sweet blossoms of memory and experience. They are of immortal youth. With every month they are as unworn and unwearied as when, sweet little cherubs that sit up aloft, they were first beheld by the readers of other days. They are the emblems of the perpetual youth of *Harper*, which is but renewed in the forth-coming number.

THE TRUE SOUTHERN POLICY.

We have received a letter from a Democratic planter in the Red River Parish, Louisiana, commenting upon some of our remarks upon the negro exodus. He denies that the movement is due to ill treatment, and attributes it to childish superstition and credulity. "It would be enough for one of their trusted leaders to *dream* of Kansas as a land flowing with milk and honey, to start a neighborhood; and having been freed without effort of their own, they have always looked for the forty acres and a mule to come in the same way." Our correspondent was an eye-witness of the Coushatta and Caledonia riots, which he thinks sprang from the same credulity and superstition, and he insists that the negroes were the aggressors in both instances. He attributes the misery of the situation to the reconstruction acts. But he apparently forgets what necessitated reconstruction. Admitting that a Kansas stampede would be a terrible industrial blow, he yet asserts that he and his neighbors would prefer it ten thousand times to a return to the rule of barbarism. He is planting with more than two hundred colored hands, who are happy and prosperous, and he has no wish to change from colored to white labor. Speaking for "the Southern people"—by which he evidently means the whites—he says that they want no more revolutions, but that they need recuperation. In his neighborhood the majority of the colored voters now vote with "us," honestly and without intimidation. But there is a large number "who will at any time go to Kansas" if excited, and by excitement of that kind, "if you choose, you can reduce the cotton supply, and bring misery and suffering to thousands of now happy homes."

The letter is the expression of a truly sincere conviction. Of that we have no doubt. But the writer, and those who think with him, have a very mistaken idea of the real Republican feeling of this part of the country, which desires harmony and good understanding quite as heartily as they, and which therefore views with disgust the Democratic antics in Congress. We shall not enter upon the historical question of responsibility for "the misery of negro rule" and of reconstruction, for that is a perfectly useless crimination and recrimination. The question for our correspondent to consider is how he and his friends can recover and maintain the leadership of the new colored citizens whose industrial co-operation is essential to the prosperity of the Southern States and to the common welfare. This can be done, undoubtedly, but not so easily as formerly. It can be done, however, in one way only, and that is by active, positive, careful proof to the colored people that all their rights shall be secure, and that white offenders against them shall be promptly arrested and tried and punished by white action and authority. Had this been done at first, honestly and fully, there would have been no color line of politics in the Southern States; but now that such an exodus has begun, such a policy is indispensable.

If the action of the Mississippi Valley Labor Convention, which recently sat at Vicksburg, shall be practically and generally sustained in the Southern States, it will be by far the most significant and beneficent event since the war. Men like our correspondent hold the key of the Southern situation. The dissolution of the solid adverse colored vote depends wholly upon them. It can not be dissolved by rifles and whips, by tissue ballots and unfair election laws. These only bind it more closely together, and arouse the just indignation of decent men of all parties every where. It can be dissolved only by the consciousness of the colored people that they are fairly treated. That is the only adequate "Southern policy." There has not been since the war an event so important in the Southern States as the resolutions of the Vicksburg Convention. Let "the war come up to the manifesto," and every patriotic man in the country will rejoice. Our correspondent and all of his friends could not do themselves nor the country a greater service than in practically carrying out this platform, nor could they do any thing so sure to put an end to mischievous sectional agitation. Let them put these words into deeds, and the "Southern Question" will disappear.

"*Resolved*, That the interests of planters, laborers, landlords, and tenants are identical; that they must prosper and suffer together; that it is the duty of planters and landlords of the States here represented to devise and adopt some contract system with laborers and tenants by which both parties will receive the full benefit of labor governed by intelligence and economy.

"*Resolved*, That this Convention does affirm that the colored race has been placed by the Constitution of the United States and the States here represented and the laws thereof on a plane of absolute legal equality with the white race, and does declare that the colored race shall be accorded the practical enjoyment of all rights, civil and political, guaranteed by said Constitution and laws.

"*Resolved*, That to this end the members of this Convention pledge themselves to use whatever power and influence they possess to protect the colored race against all dangers in respect to the fair expression of their wills at the polls which they apprehend may result from fraud, intimidation, or bulldozing on the part of the whites. And as there can be no liberty of action without freedom of thought, demand that all elections shall be free and fair, and that no repressive measures shall be employed by colored people to deprive their own race of the fullest freedom in the exercise of the highest right of citizenship.

"*Resolved*, That the unrestricted credit system pervading the States here represented, based upon liens or mortgages on stock and crops to be grown in the future, followed by short crops, has provoked distrust, created unrest, and disturbed their entire laboring population. All laws authorizing liens on crops for advances of articles—other than those of prime necessity at moderate profits—whether such advances are made by landlord, planter, or merchant, should be discountenanced and repealed.

"*Resolved*, That this Convention calls upon colored people here present to contradict false reports circulated among and impressed upon the more ignorant and credulous, to instruct them that no lands, mules, or money await them in Kansas or elsewhere without labor or price, and to report to the civil authorities all persons disseminating such reports.

"*Resolved*, That it is the constitutional right of colored people to emigrate when they please to whatever State they may select for residence; but the Convention urges them to proceed in their movements toward emigration as reasonable human beings, providing in advance by economy means for transportation and settlement, and sustaining their reputation for honesty and fair dealing by preserving it intact until the completion of such contracts for labor-leasing as have already been made. If, when they have done this, they still desire to leave, all obstacles to their departure will be removed, all practicable assistance will be afforded to them, and their places will be supplied with other contented labor.

"Your committee believe that if the views expressed in the foregoing resolutions are practically carried out by the people of both races in good faith, the disquiet of our people will subside. We appeal to the people of both races to aid us in carrying these resolutions into effect, to report to the authorities all violations of laws and all interference with private rights."

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The substitute offered in the House by Mr. Robeson for the modified bill of the Democratic majority was defeated by a strict party vote, but it contains the true principle, which is that of the Republican party. Let any honest citizen ponder these words, and then say whether they do not state a wise and just and constitutional position:

"A bill to further protect the freedom of elections:

"*Whereas*, The unnecessary presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and would tend to destroy the freedom of elections; and

"*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls has heretofore been, and may hereafter be, necessary and proper for the suppression of illegal and powerful combinations of armed men in military array, engaged in obstructing by force the due execution of the laws of the United States, and in destroying the freedom and peace of elections; and

"*Whereas*, Experience has shown that the existence of the republic, the supremacy of its laws, and the liberty of its people can only be maintained against the military and other powerful combinations of their enemies by the exertion of the military power of the government, in subordination to the civil power, in support of the law; and

"*Whereas*, The injunctions of the Constitution that the President shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed are equally binding in respect to laws relating to elections, the course of justice, and all other laws of the United States, without distinction of days, places, or occasions; therefore,

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such employment be necessary to carry out the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, or to overcome forcible obstruction to the execution of the laws made in pursuance thereof.

"Sec. 2. Every person who violates the provisions of this act shall be subject to the penalties named in Section 5528 of the Revised Statutes."

If the Democrats mean only this fair and reasonable provision, why did they oppose the substitute? If they mean something else, what is it? This is the bill as passed by the House:

"*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections; therefore,

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce Section 4, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed."

If by "armed enemies of the United States" be meant those who in the words of the Republican substitute offer "forcible obstruction to the execution of the laws" of the United States, the bill authorizes the only use of military force for which good citizens contend. But if it means that the United States are not to enter a State to defend their own rights and protect their own citizens when engaged in discharging a national duty, except upon the invitation of a State which may be itself conniving at the overthrow of those rights, then it means to re-assert the doctrine of secession pure and simple. It is a doctrine to which this generation of Americans, at least, will never assent, and upon which the Republicans will most gladly appeal to the country.

It is reported from Washington that action will be taken upon the bill in the Senate, perhaps before this paper is issued. It is further reported that the President will sign the bill as passed. The President's views have been plainly stated in the veto message. He holds that under existing laws no military interference at elections is possible, and he says: "It is the right and duty of the national government to enact and enforce laws which will secure free and fair Congressional elections." The fundamental Republican and sound constitutional principle upon the subject could not be more clearly stated. If the President should sign the bill, therefore, he would do so because in his judgment it does not embarrass the maintenance of this right. It would not prevent the United States from opposing with arms if necessary, under the direction of the civil power, "rifle clubs," "red-shirts," and all other armed enemies of the United States at the polls, by whatever names they might be called. The essential point has been indicated by the President, and that he will maintain. Fortunately there is no man in the party, probably, who is less likely to be bulldozed by caucus dictation or individual bullying and insult, and in the hands of no Republican could the vital principle at stake in this controversy be safer than in his.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The good work of wise and efficient charity requires a constant appeal to public sympathy and aid, and a perpetual generous refusal upon the part of good citizens to be annoyed. Here is the beautiful Flower Mission, which renews its work with the opening of the blossoms, carrying, in the form of flowers and fruit, inexpressible blessing and refreshment into hospitals and hovels, cheering the souls of the sick and suffering and dying, restoring their faith, and quickening their humanity. Last year contributions came from nearly one hundred and fifty towns within a hundred miles of the city; more than a hundred and fifty thousand bouquets were distributed among the hospitals, asylums, homes, industrial schools, and factories, and there were twenty-six thousand distributions of fruit and fresh vegetables among tenement-houses. Also—and, we are proud to say, in consequence of some notice of ours of this good work—the same mission receives pictures for soldiers at the frontier posts in hospital and barracks; and four hundred and seventy-five bright chromos and colored lithographs have been received and forwarded to twenty-three forts west of the Mississippi. The Flower Mission will not cut off the army supplies, whatever Congress may do. The secretary suggests that every well-disposed person should select one frontier fort, and mail one of his weekly newspapers to the steward every week. Meanwhile fresh flowers, fruits, and vegetables may be sent to the rooms, No. 239 Fourth Avenue, every Monday and Thursday, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.

But another claim of another and most important kind is that of the State Charities Aid Association. This is also largely conducted by ladies, and it is one of the most efficient and admirable of charitable organizations. It was established seven years ago, to promote active public interest in the administration of the institutions of public charities, and to reduce pauperism and help the poor by reforming the present poor-law system. In a word, the object was to rescue the community from the combined evils of mechanical and perfunctory public charity, and from ignorant and indiscriminate private almsgiving. Most of the money which is given in charity by private persons at their doors and on the street increases crime, poverty, and misery, and fosters a serious danger to society. There is nothing which requires more detailed knowledge, more constant care and sagacity, than the relief of the poor, and to give money without this indispensable care and knowledge is worse than to throw it away, because it breeds great evils. The Association, therefore, has sought to bring the subject of practical charity in the counties of the State to the notice of those who are willing to give it personal attention at the cost of much time, incessant trouble, repugnance, and disagreeable opposition. The results have been most encouraging, and a very marked improvement is observable in quarters hitherto without hope. Indeed, the whole subject of poor relief is generally so repulsive that not only cruelty and suffering in the treatment of the poor and the prisoners, but corruption and fraud in the management of the public poor money, have been made very possible. The moment it is understood that the poor and the penal institutions of every county are under the constant and close inspection of the most respectable, responsible, and courageous citizens and neighbors, that consciousness alone will make improvement easier.

Under the auspices of the Association, twenty-nine visiting committees are now in active operation in twenty-four counties. The inquiries and action of the Association have resulted in the founding of the training school for nurses at Bellevue Hospital, the influence of which is felt throughout the hospitals of the country, and in the movement for the reform of the tenement-house system. The Association also did much to procure the passage of the Children's Law, which removes children of a certain age from the poor-houses. But the chief result of its labors is the signally improved condition of every public institution which it has taken under its observation, and the effective attention which it has aroused to the subject of charity and prison treatment. It is, indeed, one of the most practically Christian institutions conceivable. Its object is to visit those who are sick and in prison, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, in that way which shall be most helpful to the needy and most beneficial to society. Its work is one of the finest forms of our modern civilization, and it deserves not only the sympathy but the practical assistance of those who understand its value. There are more than five hundred men and women giving their time and labor to the work of the Charities Aid Association. But there are expenses necessary for rent of a central office, for a secretary's salary and travelling expenses, for printing, stationery, postage, and other similar outlays. Those who see the great economy and moral benefit to every community of such a work so conducted, and who are so situated that they can do no more, can yet send such sums of money as they will to John Crosby Brown, treasurer, 6 East Fourteenth Street.

PERSONAL.

The treatment by General Logan of the proposition recently made to him by Congressman Lowe, that he should go to some quiet place and allow himself to be perforated, recalls to Colonel Forney the reply of John Van Buren to some irate person whose honor had been assailed to that extent that it could only be satisfied with Mr. Van Buren's gore. Mr. Van Buren, after reading the challenge of the man whose feelings had been hurt, handed it back to the second, saying, with a cool smile, "Take it back, my dear friend, to Mr. ——, and say to him that I would do any thing for him that is in my power; I would give him any thing I have to soothe him; I would freely give him this ugly sore on my leg if I could get rid of it. Good-morning, Sir!"

—Fifty-six young men and women have just graduated from the High School at Hartford, Connecticut, among whom were two Chinese students, both of whom delivered orations, while valedictory and salutatory were given by Mary C. Wells and Lilian M. Bogert.

—Mr. John Watt, who died in Springfield, Ohio, on the 25th of April, at the age of seventy-four, was one of the oldest printers in the United States, having worked sixty-two years continuously at "the case" as a compositor. He was a native of New York, and in boyhood was a companion and afterward a fellow-workman of the founders of the house of Harper & Brothers. The Springfield *Republic*, in which he was employed up to his last illness, speaks of him as "a consistent Christian man, a good citizen, and a pleasant companion"—three qualities that make an estimable and attractive character.

—The friends of Mr. Paul H. Hayne, the well-known Southern poet, will be glad to learn that the completion of his fiftieth year, January 1, 1880, will be celebrated by the publication of an elegant edition of his poetical works in one quarto volume. Besides portraits on steel and wood, the volume will be richly illustrated with engravings from original designs by some of our best artists. The work will be issued to subscribers only, and is to be paid for on delivery. Colonel John G. James, superintendent of the Military Institute at Austin, Texas, will act as general supervisor of the subscription list, and will supply subscription cards on application. The entire profits of the work will go to the poet, and we trust that it will have the large and ready sale which it deserves.

—The mechanical legend that "the best motive is a locomotive" was successfully illustrated by the late Matthew Baird, of Philadelphia, who by the making of locomotives amassed a fortune of $4,156,000, which passes into the hands of his widow, ten children, and two grandchildren.

—Colonel Drake, the petroleum pioneer, who put down the first oil well in the United States twenty years ago, is to have a monument at Titusville, Pennsylvania. He died poor, reaping scarcely any advantage from his discovery.

—The young King of Italy paid "the legendary hero" Garibaldi a visit in Rome a few days ago, and had a conversation alone with him. Afterward Garibaldi, who was out driving, stopped at the Quirinal Palace to inquire when the King would receive him. His Majesty, who happened to be at home, said he would receive him then, and added that he would go down into the garden so as to save the General the pain of being carried up stairs. When the carriage came in, the King entered it, and chatted with Garibaldi for half an hour. It is no secret in Rome that Garibaldi admits that the house of Savoy must rule better and more economically, or give place to a government that can.

—Mr. Justin M'Carthy's last literary work, *A History of Our Own Times*, is having an extraordinary success. Already seven editions have been disposed of, and the demand continues. It has been republished in this country by Harper & Brothers in the "Franklin Square Library."

—The two youngest and most eloquent preachers in the Roman Catholic Church, Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, and Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, are to be the preachers at the dedication of the new cathedral in this city on the 25th of this month.

—Henry Russell, the best ballad-singer ever heard in America, and who forty years ago, when living in Rochester, New York, composed "The Old English Gentleman," "The Maniac," etc., and sang them to his own brilliant accompaniment in the principal cities of the country, appeared on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, London, a few days ago, and sang at Mr. Laman Blanchard's benefit. Mr. Russell, when he first came to this country, found a warm and most useful friend in the late Dr. Frederick F. Backus, of Rochester, the father of Mr. Charles Backus, of the San Francisco Minstrels. He was on intimate terms, also, with Leonard W. and Lawrence R. Jerome, ex-Congressman Roswell Hart, ex-Mayor Hamlet Scrantom, and other lively gentlemen of Rochester, Batavia, and "towns 'round," all of whom were then fine amateur vocalists, and who retain the knack now, when frosty pows have succeeded to what the boy of the Bowery described as "a lofty forward and a curling head of hair." No one who heard Russell sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Ivy Green," "The Cork Leg," or "Wind of the Winter Night" will ever forget his wonderful barytone voice and his extraordinary dramatic power. Mr. Russell's son Harry is an artist of much merit, and a contributor to *Punch*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the House, on the 5th inst., Mr. Ladd (Greenbacker), of Maine, introduced a bill to prevent military interference at elections. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The text is as follows: "*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections; therefore, *Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce Section 4, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed." A similar bill was introduced in the Senate, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. On the 6th, the new bill was reported in the House, without amendment, and passed, by 124 to 90. No debate was allowed, and a substitute offered by Mr. Robeson was voted down.—On the 7th, the Senate resolved to re-open the question of Mr. Kellogg's title to his seat in that body.—On the 8th, the House laid the bill to enforce the eight-hour law on the table.

The Kentucky Democratic State Convention met at Louisville on the 1st inst., and nominated Dr. Luke P. Blackburn for Governor and James E. Cantrell for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform approves the conduct of the Democrats in Congress in relation to the Army Bill.

An explosion of blasting powder in the Grand Trunk freight yard at Stratford, Canada, on the 5th inst., wrecked fifty cars, killed three workmen, and injured three others.

California voted, on the 7th inst., by a majority of from 6000 to 10,000, to adopt the new Constitution.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported from Cape Town, by a prisoner who escaped from the Zulus, that Umbelini and his brother were both killed in the attack on Colonel Wood's camp. Dubalmanzi, who led the attack on Gingielova on the 3d ult., and other chiefs, with large armies following, have proffered submission. Lord Chelmsford promised them personal safety and possession of their cattle, but said, pending the termination of the war, they should be located on British territory. John Dunn, formerly Cetywayo's adviser, having pledged his word for their safety, the chiefs are expected in at once.

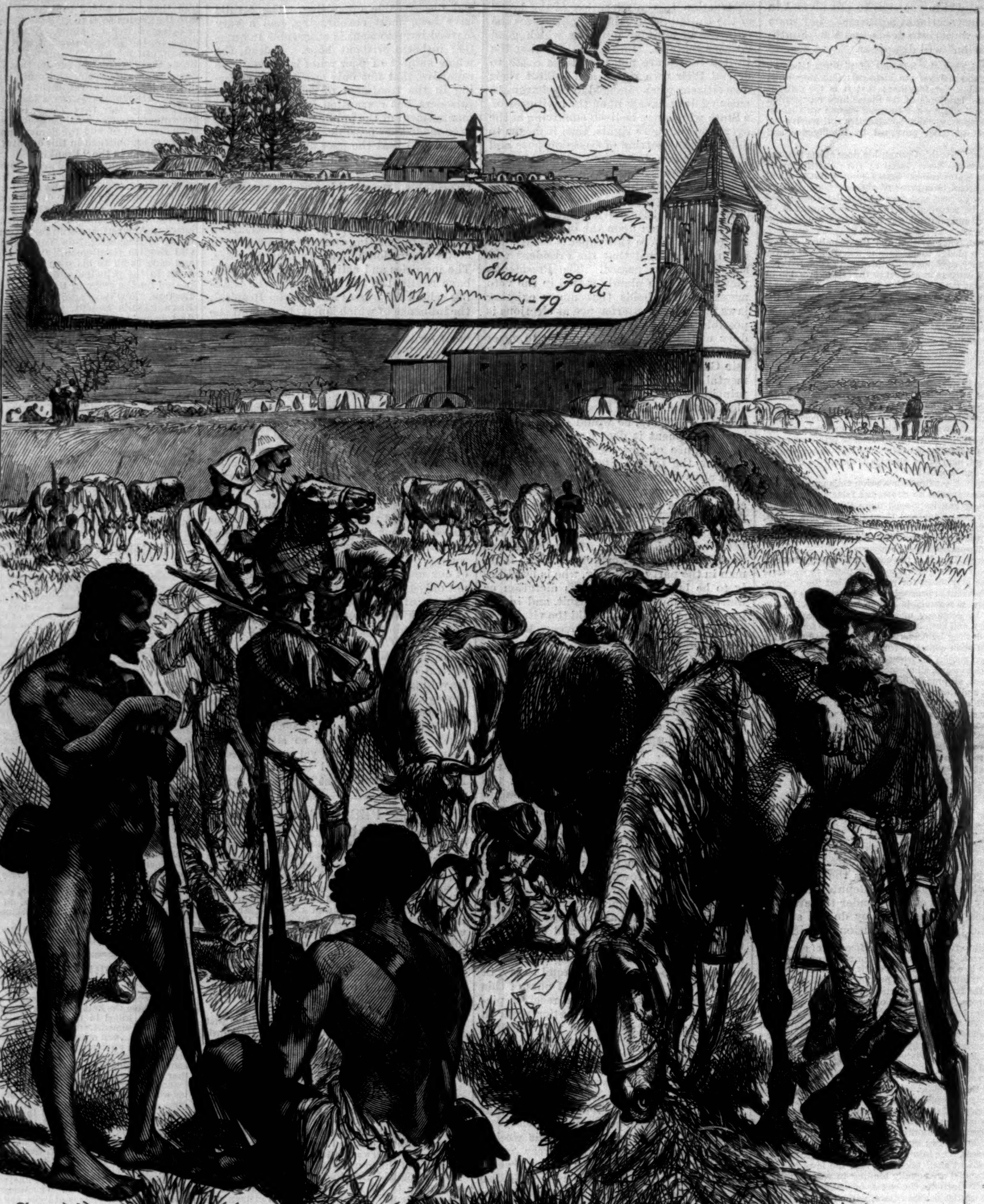
The Afghan war is believed to have been virtually ended. Yakoob Khan came into the British camp at Gundamuk on the 9th. He was met at the frontier by Major Cavagnari and a detachment of the Tenth Hussars and guides. British troops of all arms lined the route to the camp—a distance of two and a half miles. General Browne and staff received the Ameer on his arrival at the end of the line, when a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The Ameer has announced his arrival to the Viceroy of India, and expressed a desire for the establishment of friendly relations between India and Afghanistan.

A telegram from St. Petersburg to Berlin says it is officially announced that Russia has agreed to surrender Kuldja to China in return for a revision of the treaties relative to the frontier, and other concessions.

The cholera is raging in parts of India. Nearly a million pilgrims who assembled at Hurdwar Fair have carried the disease in various directions. Outbreaks are reported from Delhi, Wrumitsur, Rawil-Pinde, and elsewhere. Some cases have occurred among European troops. It is asserted that of 30,000 persons who went to the fair from Cumaton, a quarter are missing.

In the British House of Lords, on the 6th inst., the Prince of Wales presented the petition of 3258 Norfolk farmers in favor of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He said he believed the measure would be of great advantage to the community at large, and he would support it. Lord Houghton (Liberal) moved the second reading of the bill. The government, represented by Lord Cranbrook, Secretary of State for India, strongly opposed it, and the second reading was defeated by a vote of 101 to 81. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Bishop of Ripon voted with the minority, and fourteen of the bishops with the majority.—In the House of Commons, on the 2d, Sir Stafford Northcote, in reply to Sir Robert Peel's question as to whether the government intended to take any action with reference to the repressive measures recently adopted in Russia, said, in effect, that England has nothing to do with the internal affairs of that country.—In the House, on the 6th, a declaratory resolution in favor of abolishing action for a breach of promise of marriage, except in cases where actual pecuniary loss has been incurred by reason of the promise, was carried by a vote of 106 yeas to 65 nays.

The British and French notes have been presented to the Khedive. They express deep regret at recent events, and declare that the Khedive will be held responsible for the consequences. They urge the appointment of European ministers, *vice* Messrs. Wilson and De Blignières, but do not insist upon it. The Khedive has not yet replied.



THE ZULU WAR—FORT EKOWE.—From a Sketch by Mr. T. Pearson, of Verulam, Natal.

COLONEL PEARSON AT EKOWE.

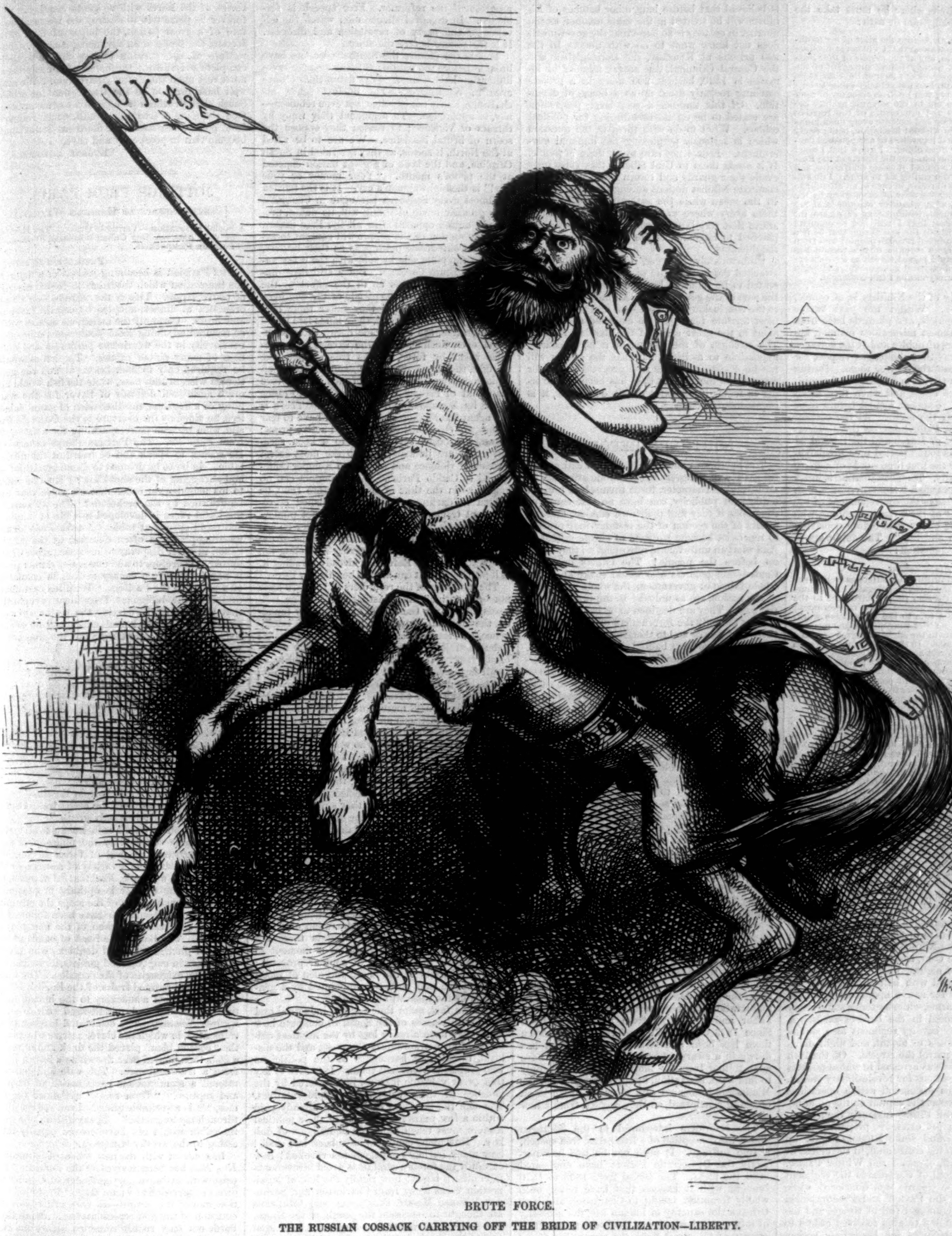
The experiences of Colonel Pearson and his gallant little garrison at Ekowe form one of the most interesting chapters of the Zulu war. This unimportant little town was originally a Norwegian mission station in Zululand, abandoned by its occupants, and more or less wrecked by the natives when the present troubles began. The mission had made few converts, and has of late only been tolerated by Cetywayo. It consisted of three houses of sun-dried brick, thatched with straw, and a church of the same material, the latter, however, being roofed with galvanized iron. All these are still standing, and at the time of Colonel Pearson's occupation were inclosed within the fort, the houses forming stores, the church a hospital, and the small tower a look-out place. Besides these there were also three other houses, which were pulled down by the troops to avoid giving cover. The water is obtained from a spring which supplies a stream running through thick woods.

Colonel Pearson, as is well known, commanded one of the four columns into which the English army was divided upon entering Zululand. He crossed the Tugela in the second week of January, and reached Ekowe on the 23d of the same month; that is, on the day succeeding the disaster at Isandula. After that affair Lord Chelmsford communicated with each of the different columns, ordering them to disregard all former directions, and to act strictly on the defensive, it being left to the discretion of Colonel Pearson whether he would retire from Ekowe or remain there intrenched. The latter course was decided upon, and the troops set to work fortifying the position. The fort at Ekowe when complete was an irregular hexagon, surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep and ten feet wide. It had all sorts of military disadvantages, however, on the outside, being commanded on almost all faces, in spite of its elevated position—two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The church was loop-holed for defense, and there were four hundred and fifty yards of parapet for the use of musketry, and batteries for one Gatling gun, two twelve-pounders, two seven-pounders, and two rocket tubes. On those faces of the fort which were unflanked there were caponieres, and the salients were rendered impracticable to a sudden rush by all sorts of cunning obstacles. Altogether the fort at Ekowe, when finally completed and equipped, was no mean defense against the Zulus; neither was it entirely unattractive quarters to the English troops, for one member of the garrison writes:

> "To the southeast, fourteen hundred yards off, is a hill about five hundred feet higher than this, from which, as, indeed, from all the high points round here, magnificent views can be obtained. The sea glitters on one side, about twenty miles off, and all round we overlook green rolling ground, dotted here and there with Caffre kraals, the slopes covered with a dark bush, which stretches in green waves till they surge into a chain of hills some three hundred feet high, only to drop again into a common valley. Nevertheless, at sunrise or sunset, with a clear sky, the charm of the view does tend to alleviate one's repugnance to being planted out here. Outside the houses were two magnificent groves of orange-trees, a coffee garden, some banana patches, two or three fine clumps of bamboo, and several timber trees; all these have been levelled to the ground by the ruthless fortifiers, with the exception of a few fine specimens of the *Eucalyptus globulosa*, or blue gum, which are still within the fort."

Colonel Pearson's sojourn at Ekowe lasted from the latter part of January until the beginning of April. During much of this time the garrison was entirely cut off, the only means of communication being the heliograph, or sun-flashing telegraph. By use of this instrument information was obtained of the condition of affairs at the fort. So long as Colonel Pearson's supplies continued to hold out, but little anxiety was felt. When, however, it became certain that these were on the point of exhaustion, it was determined to send out a relief column, the commander-in-chief leading. Lord Chelmsford succeeded in fighting his way through the enemy from the Lower Tugela to Ekowe, defeating an attack made on his camp by 11,000 Zulus on the morning of the 3d of April, under the leadership of Dabulamanzi, the Zulu general who commanded at Isandula, and whose portrait we gave some time ago. The column under Lord Chelmsford's immediate command numbered about 5700 fighting men, of whom 3400 were Europeans and 2300 natives. It consisted of the Ninety-ninth, Ninety-first, Fifty-seventh, Third-Sixtieth regiments, a portion of the Buffs, and the Naval Brigade, with 200 cavalry, and two battalions, each 800 strong, of the native contingent. The force was divided into two columns, the advance commanded by Colonel Law, the rear commanded by Major Pemberton. The column, when in motion, extended over a considerable distance.

On the 4th of April Ekowe was relieved, Lord



BRUTE FORCE.

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK CARRYING OFF THE BRIDE OF CIVILIZATION—LIBERTY.

Chelmsford entering the town with three regiments and a body of marines during the night. The camp was found to be very strong, only thirty having died during the investment, though a hundred men were in the hospital. A full history of the events of the expedition has not yet reached us, although enough is known of the difficulties of the enterprise to show that its successful accomplishment can have been no mean feat of arms. The mere task of convoying the 113 wagons which were to have accompanied the slender relieving force is one of which few persons can form an adequate conception. Those only will appreciate its arduous and perilous character who are aware that the length of such a train, allowing sufficient intervals for its orderly management, would extend over a distance of some six miles. To have conducted it safely to its destination, through a series of hard-fought even though petty engagements with the enemy, reflects credit alike on officers and men. Lord **Chelmsford**'s success in reaching Ekowe has been made a reason for great congratulation in England, the newspapers even suggesting that it may be looked upon in a measure as compensating for the great disaster at Isandula.

NIHILISM IN RUSSIA.

The Nihilist movement in Russia, culminating in the recent attempt upon the life of the Czar, indicates a condition of affairs in that empire which may well give rise to the most serious apprehensions, resembling as it does the terrible agitation which preceded the French revolution of 1793. As in France the plans of the discontented populace did not extend beyond a wholesale destruction of the existing order of things, so in Russia the present revolutionists aim at nothing beyond the subversion of the government and the abrogation of all laws now standing, leaving the chaos that must ensue as a matter too unimportant for consideration. As generally understood in this country, and as the etymology of the name indicates, Nihilism means simply the annihilation of all social distinctions; it means no family or domestic relations, no social restrictions, no laws, no wealth, no prosperity. It also includes the abrogation of all religious principle, until there shall be no faith, no morals, no Christianity, and no God. In this vast and comprehensive scheme the single thought seems to be that whatever is is bad, and that the duty of those connected with the organization is to compass, if possible, the ruin of all existing institutions.

The name by which the Nihilist organization is known among those suspected of having sympathy with its aims and intentions is, "The Russian National Secret Society." It is said to have no central authority and no recognized leaders, the greatest mystery existing in regard to its members, who, so far as possible, remain strangers to each other. The number of Nihilists is not large, if the millions of people of various nationalities in the Russian Empire are taken into consideration, but it includes a very large proportion of the intellectual and what are commonly known as the higher classes. The strongholds of Nihilism are unquestionably the universities, where the youth of the best families in the land are congregated. One gentleman, known to be in sympathy with the Nihilist movement, and recently in communication with the New York *Sun*, expresses himself as follows: "We have seven universities in seven different cities—St. Petersburg, Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Kasan, Warsaw, and Dorpat. To these youths, and to other members, male and female, of the educated classes, Nihilism is chiefly confined. But a small proportion of the peasants are sufficiently educated to be able to comprehend the principles of Nihilism. Nevertheless, while the peasantry are, as a rule, incapable of clearly understanding the aims and objects of the Nihilists, yet many of them, especially dissenters from the orthodox or state Church, sympathize with our movement, and entertain purposes corresponding in a general way to the objects of Nihilism."

The great Russian secret society is said to be administered under the following rules: Six members can form a separate body, or "circle," with full power to act and receive new members, but only with the greatest precaution. A candidate for admission must be recommended as a trustworthy man upon whom reliance can be placed under any circumstances. After satisfactory investigation, the circle in full meeting votes on the new member. Two votes against him are sufficient cause for rejection. One may also be, provided the opposing member can support his opposition by undoubted evidences of disqualification. A newly chosen member is invited to a meeting of the circle, where he must take the following solemn obligation or oath:

"I, A. B., do solemnly, before the altar of my mother country, promise and swear that I will never disclose, under penalty of death, any of the secrets of the 'Russian National Secret Society' before any agent of the tyrannical Russian government having the Czar at its head, or any one whom I do not actually know to be a member of this society; that I will sacrifice my life and all that is sacred to me in the struggle against the blood-thirsty tyrants and oppressors of the Russian people; that I will obey and execute every unanimous decision of the circle without hesitation, being ready to sacrifice my life, and regardless of any personal danger I may encounter in so doing. I know that I must be ready to fight in the name of the liberty of the Russian people when the moment of rising shall arrive, and the grand sign be given calling all to arms. I do solemnly swear that I will resist, in case of an attempt to arrest me or any other member of the society by the government agents, with whatever weapon is at my disposal at the moment, without fear or regard for personal consequences; that I will not recommend any new member without the knowledge that he is a true friend of the oppressed Russian people; that from the moment I become a member of this 'Secret National Russian Society' I regard myself as a sworn enemy of the Russian despotical government, and begin to act against it by every means I can command."

The great agency of the Nihilists is, of course, the printing-press. Within the past twelve months, bills, pamphlets, and placards have been multiplied in an almost miraculous manner, appearing at the doors of nobles and at the cottages of laborers in a way that challenges respect for the courage of those who deliver them. During the night, bills are posted in all parts of the capital and other large cities, and when torn down by the authorities, re-appear almost before their emissaries have left the scene. At the corners of the streets of St. Petersburg, on three successive days—the 31st of March and the 1st and 2d of April—there was found posted up a proclamation containing for the first time words of menace to the Czar personally. The proclamation is headed, "To Herr Alexander Nicolaievitch"—"an evident imitation," says the correspondent of the London *Standard*, "of the French Jacobins, who deprived their king of his title before depriving him of his throne and life." The following is the text of the proclamation:

"*To Mr. Alexander Nicolaievitch:*

"The warning and threatening letters as well as the sentences which we the invisible delegates of the murderously oppressed Russian people have sent to the various dignitaries of the present despotic government in Russia belong as a rule to the preparative work, and for that reason neither yourself nor any member of your family appears in the slightest degree menaced by our executive organs. In the first instance we wish to clean out in its lowest and filthiest corners the Augean stables of despotism, to free the people from administrative persecution which throws them guiltless into prison, and there, without compassion, chastises them and allows them to suffer from hunger and thirst, and then leads them as insurgents to the gallows, or sends them to the polar regions to work in the mines. We sit in judgment, and shall be compassionless in the exercise of our office, and shall recoil from the use of no means which may lead us to our object, which is the eradication of the hellish brutality of despotism through fire and sword. The victims cry out to their executioners, 'Morituri te salutant,' and if you, Alexander Nicolaievitch, refuse to hear our warning voice to put an end to this tyranny, we hereby declare to you that tyranny will be beaten in the end. Your system in Russia is rotten to the core. Our almost boundless resources are ruined. Your army of functionaries is a gang of cruel and insatiable thieves. Your judges are a shame to justice. Your governors, police masters, and generals are so many satraps worthy of Xerxes or Darius. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see naught but stupidity mingled with cruelty, wanton waste combined with the most merciless spoliation of the people. For the army alone you reserve your fatherly care. You are getting into dangerously deep waters, Alexander Nicolaievitch. Therefore we warn you, but spare your life. The Executive Committee."

Naturally the repressive measures of the Russian government are at present keeping pace with the audacity of the Nihilists. Since the attempt on the life of the Czar, troops have been held in readiness day and night. In every regiment two companies, equipped with ball-cartridge and all accessories ready for active operations, are kept constantly under arms, while batteries stand ready horsed and mounted in the barrack-yards. A squadron of every cavalry regiment also stands in constant readiness to mount, and night divisions of Cossacks patrol the streets. On the 16th of April a peasant was arrested in whose pockets were found dispositions for revolutionary troops. According to this document, active operations were to commence at the capital on the night between the 16th and 17th. Instantly the government made the most extensive preparations for defense. The Grand Duke **Nicholas** took up his quarters, with his entire staff, in the offices of the General Staff, opposite the Winter Palace. In the riding-school of the Guards the regiment of hussars of the Guards was quartered, while the barracks of the Pavloff and Preobrajenski regiments were crammed full of troops, and the whole artillery of the Guards received orders to hold itself in readiness for immediate action. The troops continued several days and nights in the places assigned them, but the revolution did not break out.

Apparently the Nihilist movement has so permeated every stratum of Russian society that little headway can be made against it. Arrests are being made on every side, and the agents of revolution dealt with in the severest manner; but the former terrorism exercised by an autocratic government seems to have become powerless. Recently five Nihilists concerned in the printing of seditious publications at St. Petersburg were banished to the island of Saghalin, in the Pacific, which seems destined to become the New Caledonia of Russia. All of these were officers in the Imperial Guards, and one only was below the rank of captain. The prisoners were removed from the fortress of St. Peter and Paul at midnight, each having a covered vehicle to himself, and each being guarded by three gens-d'armes armed with sabres and revolvers. It will take the party about four months to reach Nikolaievsk, on the Amoor, where a man-of-war will be in readiness to convey the exiles across the Gulf of Tartary to Saghalin. All the way to the Pacific the convoy will be guarded by Cossacks. It is believed that before long other batches of Nihilists will be treated in the same manner, as the number in custody is so large that the government does not know what to do with them. In the two prisons at Kharkov, the Borisoglebsk and the Central Criminal, the actual number of inmates is 1320, besides 200 more in a private dwelling recently fitted up as a house of detention. Of this number a very large proportion are stated to be offenders suffering for political crimes. What to do with them is the question which is seriously perplexing the imperial government. It does not care to try them in public. If it sends them to Ural Siberia, they constantly evade their guards and return home, or else disseminate Nihilist notions among the other exiles. In the mean while the authorities are bringing them every where to court-martial, and officials affirm that very large batches will be shortly dispatched to Saghalin, as the simplest way out of the dilemma.

Unfortunately, however, the disease that has attacked the body-politic of Russia is too deeply seated to be removed by repressive measures on the part of the government. All indications point to the conclusion that bloodshed and riot in their most terrible form may be expected at any moment in the great cities of the Russian Empire. The strength of the movement it is, of course, impossible to estimate, but that the effects will not be disastrous to the true progress which for many years the present Czar has been endeavoring to foster in all parts of his dominions, it is impossible to doubt.

SOUTHERN REFORM.

The Southern political leaders who call an extra session of Congress excite public attention of no favorable character, force themselves into an unpleasant publicity, can have no just cause of complaint if they find their own conduct and the affairs of the section of the country they profess to represent become subjects of severe criticism. And what an unfortunate retrospect do they bring up before the people! The twenty or thirty Confederate generals who would shake anew the whole fabric of government, the whole prosperity of the nation, are as unlucky in the present as in the past. They are destined to be beaten. Their careers are only the forerunners of misfortune to their own people and to themselves. The Southern States have been badly led in war and peace. They have sunk rapidly even in relative importance. They are surrounded by an immense chain of more liberal communities, full of vigorous life and progress, but the whole section of country from the Potomac to the Rio Grande has been condemned by its political leaders to a hopeless decay. Its reformers in 1865–66 forced upon it a system of free schools that might well have given it a new life; the Democrats from 1870 have left their schools to languish, and only out of shame suffer some of them to flourish imperfectly; they begin to fear even their own depressed people, and sometimes dole out a scanty subsistence to the common-school teacher. From 1865 to 1870 the Republicans gave to the Southern States a system of railways that might well have enriched and cultivated their waste or neglected lands; they have built Atlanta, revived Charleston. When the Democrats came in power again, they kept the railways, sometimes refused to pay for them, and checked the progress of the system. Under the Republican rule immigration had begun; the people of the North and of Europe formed colonies in Alabama or Louisiana; even Kentucky was invaded by some ardent Republicans, and Virginia showed some trace of advance. Massacre, insecurity, death, drove away the honest settlers, and after Coushatta, Vicksburg, the dark deeds in Kentucky, no stream of immigration has been turned toward the South. Labor and capital fly from the unquiet land. Since 1873 the only kind of emigration known there has been a destructive one. Texas has drawn in a swarm of Southern whites, who have gone thither from the more eastern States, only to find want, starvation, disappointment; and the Mississippi is covered with its gangs of workmen escaping Northward, as they declare, from a new slavery.

The reformers introduced to the Southern States the conception of a free press, free speech, a free suffrage. It need not be told how perfectly the Democratic leaders have eradicated even the ideas. The period from 1865 to 1870 brought with it lessons that have never been wholly forgotten, taught to Charleston and New Orleans the sanctity of human life, the necessity of reform, the barbarity of the duellist, the odious cruelty of the street fight, the supremacy of the law. For a time Republicanism and reform softened the manners of the people, checked the progress of crime. Street fights became rare in Louisiana and Mississippi, and duelling was discountenanced even in New Orleans. But since 1870, and wherever the Democratic leaders have renewed their rule, the savage practices of the past have been revived. The duellist once more lifts his murderous front even in the halls of Congress, and escapes unpunished. Murder once more stalks abroad in Atlanta and Vicksburg. The barbarous contempt for human life that marked the days of slavery and isolation has nearly returned, and a united South seems resolved to repel every trace of progress. There is not a liberal newspaper in all Georgia—a State as populous as Switzerland. There is no one in Alabama who dares to denounce the secret or open tyranny of its reactionary chiefs. South Carolina has fallen into the hands of its old oppressors, and the men who fired upon Sumter rule in its decaying borders. The reactionary party has seized upon the control of the South. Knowledge perishes, civilization retrogrades, the manners of the community become barbarous. A surveillance more rigid than that of Russia over its Nihilists represses the progress of the reformer. Free speech is forbidden. In dreadful silence men watch the advance of the party of revolution and disorder. It is the silence before the storm.

This is the picture the Southern leaders have brought before the nation; this the strange revolution they have caused. They flaunt their crimes even in Washington. The duellist sends his challenge, and is not expelled, not even rebuked—nay, is applauded. To argument they reply by threats of violence; to reason they oppose the scorn of brutal insolence. We are to be ruled at the North, it seems, as they are ruled in South Carolina, and the laws of a great nation enacted at the pistol's mouth. "Your money or your life!" is the highwayman's cry. It is the burden of almost every Southern harangue in Congress. This peculiar mode of ruling will, no doubt, produce a united opposition in all the Free States. No large section of the people will consent to accept the Confederate politicians as their leaders, or go to the polls side by side with the noisy autocrats of South Carolina. But a still more important question arises as to the effect of the reactionary rule upon the people of the Southern States themselves. Will they suffer their best interests to be disregarded, their lands laid waste by emigration, see their trade decay, their population even decline, while the savage politician rules them by force, checks free speech, free thought, the press, the school, and exercises an espionage over the opinions of men more severe than that of Russia in its mortal terror, France under its **Bourbons** and **Napoleons**? There is one agent the **Francias** of the South have to fear—they are environed by a free and active press; they are exposed every where to a keen scrutiny; they are pursued, even to the most secret retreats of violence and crime—to Kemper County and to Caddo Parish. Their conduct can no longer, as in the time of slavery before 1860, be hidden in darkness. The accomplished correspondent tracks them where he can not punish. The telegraph relates the latest encounter on the streets, or paints the flight of the pilgrims of the Mississippi. Knowledge is slowly encircling the Southern section. Reform is already invading it. Is it possible that it can always be ruled by terror?

The measures of the reformers of 1865–70 have not been without their lasting effect. The railroads they built, the school systems they founded, the freedom they gave to labor and intelligence, are the elements of a progress that are indestructible. They have borne already a vigorous fruit. It is stated that the number of small farmers, white and colored, in the Southern States has greatly increased, that intelligence has made considerable advances, that there is a large party of thoughtful merchants, laborers, mechanics, all the industrious and frugal, who see in the politics of Messrs. **Butler** and **Blackburn** only a presage of their own ruin, who would gladly enter into any projects of reform. This class of the people naturally demands education and free speech, the liberal newspaper, the advocates of progress. They are not satisfied with the dead past of reaction and decay; they still hope to see their native land filled with the highest results of modern cultivation. It is said that in Texas there is a large German population often capable of checking the action of extremists, insisting upon the preservation of good order and the supremacy of the law. Eastern Tennessee stands like a beacon of loyalty, unconquerable and unintimidated, the land of free speech, free newspapers, honesty, and reform. It is destined probably to have a large share in the regeneration of all its section. It is said that in Virginia there are honorable men who are ready at a moment to take the lead in the cause of popular progress; that in all parts of the South the men of blood and violence may soon be supplanted by a generation of the tolerant and humane.

It is, in fact, quite time for the industrial and mercantile classes of the South to compute how much they have already lost by the needless agitation of an extraordinary Congress, and the disloyal, threatening harangues of the politicians who profess to represent them. It is safe to say that every valuable interest has suffered by the violence of these self-chosen Representatives. The sum the Southern States have already paid within a few years for the folly of their political leaders must reach hundreds of millions of dollars. How many contracts have been laid aside! how many business engagements revoked! how carefully the foreign capitalists avoid investments in Southern lands! how rigidly the tide of immigration turns away from Charleston and Savannah because Messrs. **Blackburn** and **Chalmers** are thought to represent the people of the South, and the party of violence and agitation have seen fit to force themselves into power! Under a tolerable administration of their affairs, the Southern States would long ago have been covered with railways and filled with busy life; under a Democratic rule of oppression, land is almost valueless, and nearly every project of internal communication fails. In the price of their lands the Southern States have paid for the savage cruelty of their politicians in millions of money, in a general decay. The industry of its colored laborers has alone saved the South from the utter ruin invoked by the madness of its white oppressors. To the honest labor of its colored population the Union and the Southern States owe a ceaseless debt of praise. Colored farmers already thrive in the outskirts of Savannah, and substantial colored men in the neighborhood of Charleston have been the favorite objects of the cruelty and fraud of Democratic politicians.

It is the hope of every humane and intelligent thinker that the reign of political violence at the South will end at last. It seems plain that it can not forever resist the power of the press, the example of the free and progressive States, the discontent of its own people. The Confederate generals who have summoned an extra session of Congress, and rule over their Democratic slaves of the North with no gentle hand, can not forever be permitted to destroy the material welfare of a great nation, the hopes of their own section, the peace of an advancing country. The welfare of the working classes demands their complete overthrow; the hopes of the capitalist must rest upon their utter destruction. We may well look forward to the time when the whole South shall proclaim its adhesion to free speech, free thought, a free press, and, when relieved from political agitation, the Southern States shall become rich in prosperity and ease.

Eugene Lawrence.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

A Social Innovation.—Veritable Gravy.—The Revival of *Ruy Blas*.—A fair Cuban.—Russian Women.—Parisian Pickpockets.

Paris, *April* 26, 1879.

The Parisian is becoming jealous of a dangerous innovation which threatens to curtail his gift of conversation. This is the introduction of an orchestra at dinner, adopted by certain fashionable hosts. Certainly the melodious strains wafted from an adjoining room would seem a delightful novelty in the wearisome platitudes and dullness of many dinner parties. The ladies would be required only to look beautiful and the gentlemen wise, in that case, while the fish would acquire additional delicacy of flavor for the warbling of a flageolet, the discussion of game, salad, ices, be aided by the overture to the *Gazza Ladra*, and wine become more sparkling for a fantaisie from *Fatinitza*. The Parisian thinks otherwise. He wishes to speak and be heard at the dinner table. Is he to be doomed to dumb gesticulation and shrugging of the shoulders? Must he shout to his neighbor, in order that his voice may not be drowned by the orchestra? The vivacity of the Latin races is developed in a din of laughter and rapid speech at table. A *table d'hôte* of the watering-places is often deserted by the Anglo-Saxon in sheer desperation in consequence of the uproar. Therefore to add music to a dinner party is like forbidding a canary to sing, in emulation of a piano, to the Parisian. With his customary drollness, the indignant Frenchman prophesies that the future will develop the restaurant concert, where beefsteak and music will be served together. The *carte* of the day and the programme will be artistically blended:

Navarin aux pommes de terre.
Ouverture de Guillaume Tell.
Vol-au-vent financière.
Fantaisie sur le Petit-Duc.
Gigot bretonne.
Polka de Forbach.

Behold the complications which will inevitably result. A dissatisfied customer will grumble:

"Garçon!"

"Monsieur?"

"This morceau is detestable."

"How, monsieur? It is from Rossini."

"I am not speaking of the orchestra. I speak of my calf's head; it is only gristle."

Paris adapts its public amusements to all tastes. In this facile adaptability the philosopher may read a perpetual renewal of forces in youthful strength, drawn from a variety of sources, or the decadence of a people, like that of Athens, according as the thinker is optimist or pessimist. Thus in the naturalism of the stage the steaming soap-suds of *L'Assommoir* have been followed by the real, practicable kitchen of the new play of *Non-non*. The Barmecide feast of bands of revellers in plumed hats and doublets, who pledge each other in empty gilded goblets, no longer can satisfy the exigencies of the occasion. The wooden fowls and painted fruits of the English boards are too palpable a mockery to the human appetite. A plump and middle-aged pair went to witness *Non-non*. The celebrated kitchen scene transpired, in which the clever actress who played the "cordon bleu" placed the duck and olives on a dish, then poured over the whole a brown liquid from a true saucepan. The wife and husband uttered a simultaneous exclamation of surprise and rapture. "Thou seest," exclaimed the former, "it is a veritable gravy. I can see the olives through my lorgnette." The real tears of a great tragedian would not have proved equally interesting to the worthy bourgeois.

In contrast with the new school of naturalism, *Ruy Blas* has been revived at the Comédie Française with extraordinary splendor, and under the direct supervision of Victor Hugo. Profound emotion moved the actors—all true artists—on the occasion of the first representation. Sarah Bernhardt not only visibly trembled before the footlights, but is reported to have wept when she retired to her *loge*, which was filled with flowers. Coquelin was nervous; and Monnet Sully, who had sacrificed his beard to his *rôle*, was feverish and agitated. Each feared not being able to do justice to *Ruy Blas*. There is talent left in the world. The *mise en scène* of *Ruy Blas* is worthy of the work. What sombre magnificence in the salle of the Escurial, with its sculptured window and ornamented doorways! What gorgeous historical costumes, from the black mutes in red and yellow, guarding a stairway, to the courtiers in velvet, rose-colored brocade, and gold. This setting of rich and appropriate surroundings renders the matchless toilets of Sarah Bernhardt the more charming. Her costumes in *Ruy Blas* would alone secure the success of a piece, and have been pronounced "the poetry of dress." In the second act she wears a queen's robe of white satin, embroidered with silver, and a train of brocade. A small crown adorns her hair. The robe of the fifth act, of white Sicilienne, is trimmed with fringes of little pearls, and is even more beautiful in its simplicity, while the mantle of violet velvet, garnished with old lace, must alone establish the reputation of the modiste.

A young Cuban lady has attracted attention in

Parisian society this winter from the peculiarity of her dress as much as by her beauty. She appears in the livery of St. Theresa, and renders her attire as conventional as possible. In the earlier hours of day, brown woolen garments can be rendered almost monastic, the velvet and satin of the afternoon have still the same sombre hue of the Carmelite order, while the tulle and silk of evening reproduce the uniform tint. The young Cuban is never seen in another color. Society stares, then whispers behind its fan that she has made a vow—a "promesa"—not unusual in the Spanish islands, never to lay aside the robe of St. Theresa until her guardian consents to her marriage with a penniless but brilliant cavalier of Madrid. The course of true love is rippled at present by the practical obstinacy of the guardian, but possibly the era of spring toilets in the Bois de Boulogne and on the race-course, like a parterre of fresh flowers, may move this obdurate heart to yield, and the beautiful Cuban emerge from her chrysalis in the white satin and orange flowers of the happy bride.

A future historian will discover a rich field in the part played by Russian women in the nineteenth century in the great events of their country. The study must inevitably be a startling and terrible one. Are Russian women of all ranks actuated by a lofty courage in patriotism, mere hysterical love of excitement, or a desire for melodramatic notoriety? The American strong-minded female, advocating suffrage, so much ridiculed abroad, is a mild humanitarian in comparison with the terrible Russian, who has taken the law into her own hands, and shoots government officials, and rejoices in being loaded with chains for the crime. Vera Sassulitch is not the sole heroine of this creed. When the Prince Krapotkin was receiving anonymous threats of death, it was a young girl who brought to the Kharkov journal the card, with black border, for insertion, intended for the Prince, stating that a merchant had died. In the riot at Kiev, between the authorities and the Nihilists, it will be remembered that the Countess Tanin—a student of the university, and famous for her beauty—whose step-mother belongs to the Empress's household, was mingled in the fray, as well as Mademoiselle Gersfeld, whose father belongs to the Czar's Council, and Mademoiselle Olga Rassowska. These scholars averaged eighteen years, and are now in prison, subject to the cruel brutality of Russian law. The gendarme has since died who was shot by Olga Rassowska, and Mademoiselle Gersfeld, after resistance, was wounded with a bayonet, and captured. In the month of March a gentleman of Moscow, dwelling in the quarter Basmannaïa, gave a party. Among the guests was M. Bayraschevsky, a young man of twenty years. At nine o'clock arrived a young girl of nineteen, Mademoiselle Prascovie Katcha, just from St. Petersburg. This guest did not occupy herself with feminine coquetries or a dancing list. Instead, she drew a revolver from her pocket, and shot M. Bayraschevsky, who fell with a ball in his temple. The murderess gave herself up to justice with perfect coolness, although it did not transpire at the time whether she was a Nihilist, or simply imitated that body. Secret societies and conspiracies have ever abounded among the Sclavic races, fostered by despotism. What new development of frenzy in the Russian woman may be anticipated in the future? The noble countess who hitherto has performed the pilgrimages, and joined in the barbaric worship of penitents, in religious fanaticism, or, having drank more tea than usual, has suddenly begun to tear her hair and shriek during a church ceremonial, then rushed out to found a new sect, now assumes this new phase: she mingles in student riots, and assassinates the Czar's officials.

The latest audacity of the Paris pickpocket is truly artistic. A choleric gentleman, several times robbed at the omnibus bureau, vowed vengeance on the light-fingered class. He placed an empty porte-monnaie in his pocket, in which he had inserted a slip of white paper with these words written on it: "This time, rascal, it is thyself who is robbed." Then he sought the same omnibus bureau, and awaited the nimble foe. Twenty minutes elapsed without adventure, and the choleric gentleman was about to withdraw, disappointed, when it occurred to him to assure himself of the safety of his purse. Mechanically he opened it. Instead of the slip of white paper, he found a morsel of blue, bearing the single word "Farceur!" (joker). **Artemis.**

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

After a month of daily meetings, the Brooklyn Presbytery has closed the case of Dr. Talmage, on trial for falsehood. At a consultation held Monday, May 5, it was made clear that the majority of the triers were in favor of acquittal, eleven having so declared themselves to five against. This verdict has been anticipated by public opinion. It was perhaps unfortunate that this case was not given to a committee, with authority to counsel Dr. Talmage, and, if necessary, to admonish him. The exhibitions of feeling on both sides during the proceedings have not increased the public confidence in ecclesiastical investigations.

On the second day of the canvassing of opinions it became clear that about two-thirds of the Presbytery were prepared to vote an acquittal. Dr. Cuyler had not up to that time expressed himself; Dr. Rockwell's opinion was a powerful defense of Mr. Talmage; Dr. Van Dyke read an equally strong paper on the other side.

Anniversary week began in the Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday, May 4, with the annual sermon before the American Home Missionary Society. The number of ministers in its service in thirty-four States and Territories was reported to be 946, and the number of churches and missionary stations 2126. Five thousand two hundred and thirty-two persons have been added during the year to the churches. The receipts were $273,691, and the expenditures $260,330; a balance of $6776 is still due to missionaries. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Boston.

On the same day the Rev. Dr. S. D. Burchard commemorated the fortieth anniversary of his pastoral charge of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church of this city. He stated in his discourse that during his pastorate forty-one pastors of the Presbyterian churches in New York had died, and that he was the only one left of the number occupying Presbyterian pulpits in the city forty years ago. Dr. Burchard and Dr. W. R. Williams are now the oldest living New York pastors.

On Monday evening, May 5, the American Seamen's Friend Society held its fifty-first anniversary. The singing was conducted by the boys of the United States training-ship *Minnesota*. During the year, 821 libraries have been sent out, on vessels whose crews number 9040 men; of these libraries, 272 were new. As many as 893 libraries have been shipped on vessels of the United States navy. Since 1842, 95,194 persons have been boarded at the Home in Cherry Street. The receipts for the year were $76,440; expenditures, $77,647.

A crazy Adventist at Pocasset, Massachusetts, has murdered his child, and has been arrested and imprisoned for the crime. Another Adventist, Alden Davis, is reported at the funeral of the child to have defended Freeman's act. The citizens present were much incensed, and violence was threatened. A minister present begged Davis to desist, but he still continued to rave. In time he was induced to keep quiet, and the burial was finished. The Adventists of New England have been very active of recent years, but have not been fanatical. They hold a camp-meeting every summer in Massachusetts, which is usually well attended. They are not all as demented as Freeman, and will not be likely to give him much sympathy.

Forty young men graduated at the forty-third anniversary of Union Theological Seminary, held on Monday, May 5. The address to the graduates was given by the Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, chaplain of the United States Senate. Dr. Adams's parting talk was full of sterling good sense. "Do not," he said, "think that you are to solve all the problems that vex this world. Give little place to doubts. You must admit mysteries in and around you that can not be solved."

The Presbyterian overture on representation has been defeated. The total negative vote is 94 Presbyteries; the affirmative is 43. It is thought that the negative vote will reach two-thirds of the whole number of Presbyteries—179. The new arrangement of boarding the Commissioners which has been made for the meeting of the Assembly at Saratoga obviates one of the objections to the present large representation. The difficulty of procuring entertainment has been a strong reason for the effort to reduce the size of the Assembly.

France is at present the centre of interest in the religious world. The problem whether in the recoil from ultramontanism the people will go over to blank unbelief or will accept Protestantism is in process of solution. The evidences of unrest multiply continually. It is a great gain that the issue between Protestantism and ultramontanism is fairly made, and is undergoing intelligent discussion. M. Reveillaud, who was once proposed as the editor of the anti-clerical daily to be published in Paris, has issued a pamphlet on the "Religious Question and its Protestant Solution." His solution is a revival of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Frenchmen are thorough-going republicans, and they see that Protestantism is in harmony with republican institutions.

John Henry Newman left England for Rome the latter part of April, to attend the Consistory at which he will be declared a cardinal. As he is without fortune, some English friends have provided the means of enabling him to maintain the dignity of his station.

The Rochester Theological Seminary has recently been the recipient of the large sum of $142,000, contributed by a small company of its friends. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of Cleveland, has given $38,000 of this total for a library building; Mr. William Rockefeller, of New York, $25,000 for books; Mr. Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, $25,000 to endow a professorship of elocution; Mr. J. B. Trevor, of Yonkers, $25,000 for the endowment of a corresponding secretaryship; and Mr. J. B. Hoyt, of Stamford, $25,000 to endow the chair of Hebrew. Dr. Nathan Bishop, of New York, gave $2000; Mr. S. S. Constant and Mr. Wolverton, also of New York, $1000 each.

The fifty-fifth anniversary of the American Sunday-school Union was held in the Broadway Tabernacle on the evening of May 6. In the afternoon there was a service of song, in which one thousand children took part. There were organized in 1878 by the Union 1067 new schools, with 4915 teachers and 39,769 scholars; 14,140 families have been visited. One of the speakers expressed the opinion that "if there is any thing wicked and damaging to-day, it is the great multiplicity of denominational churches," which is strong language.

Father Hyacinthe has recently written a letter to Mr. William Forbes, of England, in which he defends the act of his life most condemned by Catholics—his marriage. He quotes the approval of two Roman Catholic bishops, who, as far as appears from the letter, are still in the communion of the Church. One of the two said to Father Hyacinthe: "You have not only fulfilled the supreme commandment of God, which holds good throughout all time, all circumstances, and all men, but you have by this act alone advanced the destruction of iniquitous papal oppression, and the ultimate purification of the Catholic Church, at least a century. *We* dare not speak, but *you* have spoken for us all. The innumerable books and petitions on this subject are committed to the flames by the Vatican, but this great act of yours will remain; the work of reform is begun." Father Hyacinthe adds to this testimony: "The great majority of Catholics not only approve of a married clergy, but, as in my case, take it as the only real guarantee of a thorough reform." He means, no doubt, the Catholics of France. Is he mistaken, or is he not, in this opinion?

The English Presbyterians held their annual Synod in London the last week of April. They report the entire income of the Church for 1878 to be £182,719. The stipends of the ministers have increased, being for the year £77,700. The communicants number 53,031, distributed among 270 congregations.

The idea has taken possession of many minds that the exodus of the freedmen from the South will help the solution of one of our most difficult political problems. The demonstration of the fact that the negroes, if ill treated, will migrate, it is thought, will insure hereafter their good treatment. It may be doubted if even that will secure in the South a tolerance of their political ascendency. On this side Southern prejudice is ineradicable. Meetings in behalf of the freedmen continue to be called. A large one has been held in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Appeals to the churches are made, and should not be made in vain. A convention has been in session at Vicksburg, Mississippi, to devise means of arresting the exodus. It opened May 5, with an attendance of four hundred delegates. The resolutions adopted by the convention reveal the alarm created in the minds of the Southern planters. They declare that "errors have been committed by whites and blacks alike; that the interests of planters, laborers, landlords, and tenants are identical; that the colored race has been placed on a plane of absolute legal equality with the white race; that they shall be assured the practical enjoyment of all rights, civil and political, guaranteed by the Constitution and laws; and that the members of the convention pledge themselves to protect the colored race against all dangers in respect to the fair expression of their wills at the polls which they apprehend may result from fraud, intimidation, or bulldozing on the part of the whites." The colored men present spoke, but did not vote.

The National Conference of Colored Men, which has long been announced to be held at Nashville, was opened May 6 in the Hall of the House of Representatives. In Kansas a State Central Freedmen's Committee has been organized and incorporated by law. From all these facts the conclusion may be drawn that the strenuous efforts of the churches and religious societies to educate the freedman have already given him sufficient intelligence to protect himself. Philanthropy has here proved to be the highest statesmanship.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Suddenly, of pneumonia." How often, since spring opened in name, have these three significant words caught the eye as it scanned the column of "Deaths" in the daily newspaper! Few except those who take special note of the record of "vital statistics" have any idea how many in our city fall victims to this fearful disease. We say *fearful*; for if the same number should die in a single week of cholera, small-pox, yellow fever, or even of scarlet fever or diphtheria, as die of pneumonia, there would be a panic in the community, and healthier localities would be sought. But every one thinks pneumonia *may* be avoided; and yet hundreds seem to deliberately invite its attacks. It often takes a lifetime to learn how to take care of health, and in our changeable climate ignorance often means nothing less than death. One warm spring day comes, and the thoughtless throw off flannels, and recklessly sit in the cooling breeze which is wafted from the yet snow-clad mountains far away; outside wraps are suddenly abandoned, not laid off for the mild mid-day, as safely they might be, but packed away, out of reach when the chilly evening comes on. We are a careless as well as a busy people, and it is "too much trouble" to make gradations in clothing or to give much thought to exposures of health while we feel comfortable for the time. It is not strange, therefore, but the natural consequence, that so often are seen in connection with the death record the words, "Suddenly, of pneumonia."

At the May meeting of the National Board of Health, at Atlanta, Georgia, a long and animated discussion took place in regard to a national quarantine, most of the speakers favoring the general plan, but having varying opinions about the best methods of carrying it into operation. The good sanitary condition of cities was by some considered of paramount importance.

The falling of an immense pile of bricks in First Avenue, near Twelfth Street, and the narrow escape from instant death of workmen who were engaged near by in excavating for one of the pillars of the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, is a warning which should be heeded. Those who cause sidewalks or any thoroughfares to be dangerous to life and limb are liable in law for all damages.

Among the sites suggested for the proposed World's Fair in 1883 is one within the city limits of Brooklyn, on the east side of Prospect Park. This, it is urged, is well drained, healthful, and easily accessible. The plot contains 117 acres, and more available land lies adjacent. It belongs to the Park Commissioners, who have a fund for its improvement. Another site mentioned is at Washington Heights. The plot extends from One-Hundred-and-Thirty-fifth Street to One-Hundred-and-Forty-fifth Street, between Tenth and St. Nicholas avenues. It has an area of nearly one hundred acres, and is easily accessible. The land is owned by the Union Theological Seminary and the Emigrant Industrial Savings-Bank.

The Japanese government, says the Tokio *Times*, has appropriated 100,000 *yen*, or dollars, for the reception and entertainment of General Grant.

There is a dawning hope that the streets of New York city may be cleaned. Various plans have been from time to time suggested—very few seem to have been *tried*—and propositions have been recently made for the removal of all ashes, garbage, and street sweepings below Fifty-ninth Street, upon conditions which would seem to settle the long-vexed problem respecting the disposition of the débris. One thing is certain—the citizens of New York earnestly call for clean streets before the opening of the warm season, which doubtless, will burst upon us with unusual suddenness. The rumor that one of our Street Commissioners declared to a reporter that he "was not a thoughtful person," and therefore could not give any opinion upon the advantages of plans suggested, we regard as a mere subterfuge. The most thoughtless person in the world must of necessity grow serious and reflective with such a responsibility as street-cleaning upon his hands. To be "not thoughtful" in such a position would seem to be a moral impossibility.

One of the latest applications of vulcanized rubber in England is to render china, stone, and glass ware noiseless. It is applied in the form of narrow strips inserted in grooves.

Perhaps there may be a little more safety in crossing the streets, not only in carriages, but on foot, since the truck driver who dashed into the carriage of Mr. August Belmont has been made to pay a penalty for his recklessness. Ten days' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred dollars is not too much to pay for imperilling a man's life and actually injuring him. Drivers of carts, trucks, grocery wagons, and vehicles of various kinds seem to regard the lives of foot-passengers with the utmost indifference, and urge on their horses, expecting every one—even little children—to look out for himself. They need some lessons.

Elevated railway difficulties were apparently adjusted, or the adjustment clinched, at a luxurious dinner at Delmonico's.

A medal should be presented to the dog in Norwich, Connecticut, that rushed into a stable, not long ago, and drew a burning blanket from a horse and carried it into the street, burning himself severely while so doing.

It is necessary to be very particular nowadays if you wish to oblige your friends and neighbors. If somebody wants you to give him change for a $1 or a $5 bill, for your own protection you must examine it carefully, before witnesses, to make sure that it is not a $50 or a $100 bill.

There is a rumor from Paris that Gérôme is thinking of giving up painting and devoting himself to sculpture for the next few years, after which he proposes to retire altogether from work.

The spirit of *Poe-sy* has descended upon some sleepless sufferer, who relieves himself as follows:

"Oh, ye feline brutes erotic,
Is there not some strong narcotic,
Some refined and rare hypnotic,
Some potent spell,
Soothing catnip, helleborus,
Any thing to still the chorus
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous,
Nocturnal yell?

"Stirring wrath in souls pacific,
Blighting visions beatific,
Thwarting agents soporific
With horrid din;
Tempting even spirits saintly
To utter (almost), low and faintly,
Words divided very scantly
From words of sin?"

And so on, with expressions of intenser feeling.

Any one who wants a printing-press has now the chance of purchasing the one which Napoleon carried with him to Moscow, and which fell into the hands of the Russians during his retreat. It is now at St. Petersburg, and the owner offers to sell it for 1000 rubles—about $730.

The Rivington Street Flower Mission has already begun its work of distributing bouquets and young plants among the sick poor in tenement-houses and hospitals, and among the children of the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society. During the past year 70,000 bouquets were distributed, and the manager solicits contributions of flowers again from the country friends whose gifts have been so highly valued heretofore.

The American Art Gallery, recently opened in the Kurtz Building on Madison Square, is a permanent addition to the art entertainments in our city. The collection of paintings—exclusively American, of course—is excellent, and well worthy of special attention from all lovers of pictures, particularly of those who are cordially interested in the progress of home art.

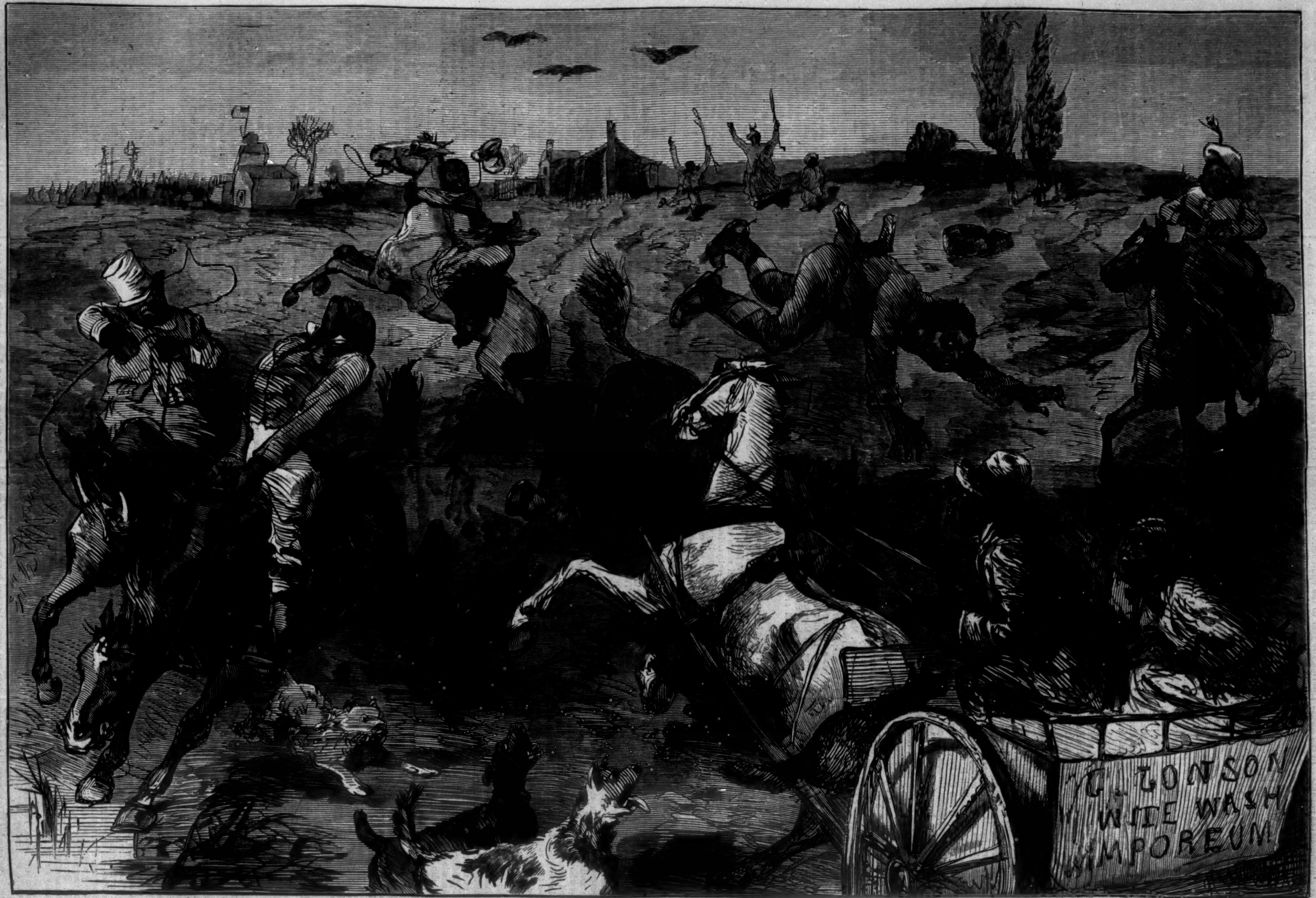
Children from Brooklyn, as well as from New York, are taken into the country by the *Evening Post* Fresh Air Fund. Last year a large number went from Brooklyn.

In the White Mountain region hotel-keepers are wearing overcoats and fur caps, and spend much of their leisure time in grumbling about the backward season.

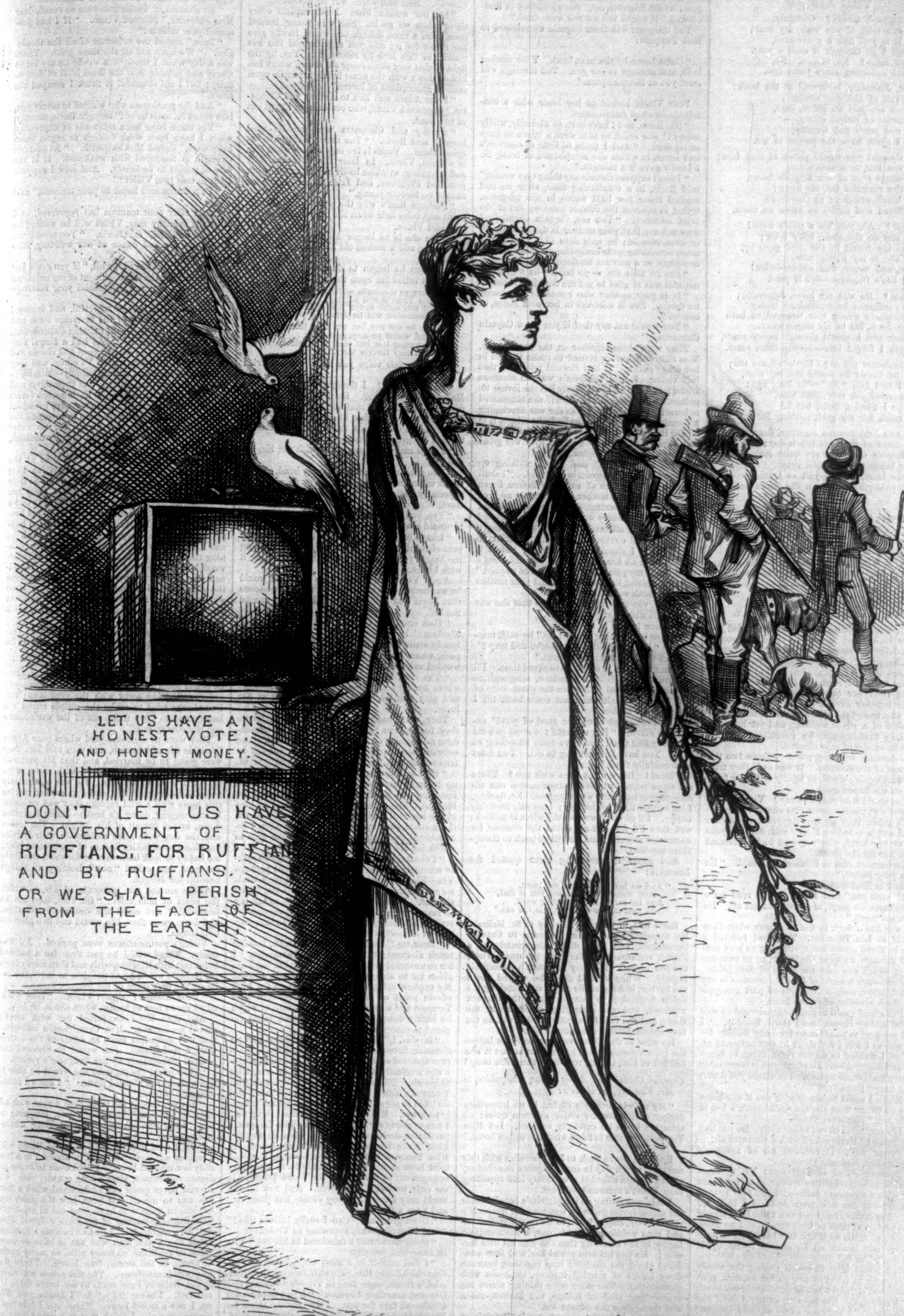
Gorham, New Hampshire, a favorite resort of White Mountain tourists, has been visited by a very serious fire, which destroyed most of the business portion of the village, and made many families homeless.

A sensible and practical citizen of Boston offers to give property valued at $200,000 to the Massachusetts Public Health Association, for several sanitary uses, provided an additional sum—about one-half as large—is also obtained. The plan proposed includes the investigation of improvements in house drainage, ventilation, diet kitchens and cookery schools, and efforts to suppress the adulteration of food. The Massachusetts Health Association will doubtless accomplish much good in the execution of this project.

Farther acquaintance with prospective life-long companions is often desirable, but not every lady has the same opportunity as the Kentucky girl who had agreed to elope with a lover whom her parents refused to admit to the house. She descended the ladder in the night, and started with him on horseback. "Now you see how much I love you," she said. "You will be always a true and kind husband, won't you?" He answered, gruffly, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She rode in silence a few minutes, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room!" "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the lover remained below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not," and then shut the window.


G. JONSON
WITE WASH
IMPOREUM

FOX-HUNTING IN BLACKVILLE—MRS. JOHNSON IS ENTITLED TO THE BRUSH.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.


LET US HAVE AN
HONEST VOTE.
AND HONEST MONEY.
DON'T LET US HAVE
A GOVERNMENT OF
RUFFIANS, FOR RUFFIAN
AND BY RUFFIANS,
OR WE SHALL PERISH
FROM THE FACE OF
THE EARTH.
Th. Nast

BY ALL MEANS "LET US HAVE PEACE" AT THE POLLS.

THE ALBUM.

My photograph album? Certainly,
You can look, if you wish, my dear;
To me it is just like a grave-yard,
Though I go through it once a year.
Any new faces? No, indeed. No,
I stopped collecting some years ago.

And yet, Jeannette, look well at the book:
It is full of histories strange;
The faces are just an index, dear,
To stories of pitiful change—
Drama and poem and tragedy,
Which I alone have the power to see.

Ah! I thought you would pause at that face;
She was fair as a poet's lay,
The sweetest rose of her English home,
Yet she perished far, far away:
In the black massacre at Cawnpore
She suffered and died—we know no more.

And that? Ah, yes, 'tis a noble head!
Soul sits on the clear, lofty brow;
She was my friend in the days gone by,
And she is my enemy now.
Mistake, and wrong, and sorrow—alas!
One of life's tragedies—let it pass.

This face? He was my lover, Jeannette;
And perchance he remembers to-day
The passionate wrong that wrecked us both
When he sailed in his anger away.
Heart-sick and hopeless through weary years,
At length I forgot him—despite these tears.

That handsome fellow? He loved me too;
And he vowed he would die, my dear,
When I told him "No"—'tis long ago:
He married the very next year.
That one I liked a little, but he
Cared much for my gold, nothing for me.

Brides and bridegrooms together, dear,
And most of them parted to-day;
Some famous men that are quite forgot,
Some beauties faded and gray.
Close the book, for 'tis just as I said—
Full of pale ghosts from a life that's dead.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

THE NEAREST WAY TO NORWAY.

They left the battlements, and descended the narrow stairs, and went side by side, through sun-lit fields and lanes, to the old Carolian manor-house, happy with that unutterable, immeasurable joy which belongs to happy love, and to love only, whether it be the romantic passion of a Juliet leaning from her balcony, the holy bliss of a mother hanging over her child's cradle, or the sober affection of the wife who has seen the dawn and close of a silver wedding, and yet loves on with love unchangeable—a monument of constancy in an age of easy divorce.

The distance was long; but to these two the walk was of the shortest. It was as if they trod on flowers or airy cloud, so lightly fell their footsteps on the happy earth.

What would Miss Skipwith say? Vixen laughed merrily at the image of that cheated lady.

"To think that all my Egyptian researches should end in—Antony!" she said, with a joyous look at her lover, who required to be informed which Antony she meant.

"I remember him in Plutarch," he said. "He was a jolly fellow."

"And in Shakspeare."

"*Connais pas,*" said Rorie. "I've read some of Shakspeare's plays, of course, but not all. He wrote too much."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived at Les Tourelles. They had loitered a little in those sunny lanes, stopping to look seaward through a gap in the hedge, or to examine a fern which was like the ferns of Hampshire. They had such a world of lovers' nonsense to say to each other, such confessions of past unhappiness, such schemes of future bliss.

"I'm afraid you'll never like Briarwood as well as the Abbey House," said Rorie, humbly. "I tried my best to patch it up for Lady Mabel; for you see, as I felt I fell short in the matter of affection, I wanted to do the right thing in furniture and decorations. But the house is lamentably modern and commonplace. I'm afraid you'll never be happy there."

"Rorie, I could be happy with you if our home were no better than the charcoal-burner's hut in Mark Ash," protested Vixen.

"It's very good of you to say that. Do you like sage-green?" Rorie asked, with a doubtful air.

"Pretty well. It reminds me of mamma's dress-maker, Madame Theodore."

"Because Mabel insisted upon having sage-green curtains, and chair-covers, and a sage-green wall with a chocolate dado—did you ever hear of a dado?—in the new morning-room I built for her. I'm rather afraid you won't like it; I should have preferred pink or blue myself, and no dado. It looks so much as if one had run short of wall-paper. But it can all be altered by-and-by, if you don't like it."

They found Miss Skipwith pacing the weedy gravel-walk in front of her parlor window, with a disturbed air, and a yellow envelope in her hand.

"My dear, this has been an eventful day," she exclaimed. "I have been very anxious for your return. Here is a telegram for you, and as it is the first you have had since you have been staying here, I conclude it is of some importance."

Vixen took the envelope eagerly from her hand.

"If you were not standing by my side, a telegram would frighten me," she whispered to Roderick. "It might tell me you were dead."

The telegram was from Captain Carmichael to Miss Tempest:

"Come home by the next boat. Your mother is ill, and anxious to see you. The carriage will meet you at Southampton."

Poor Vixen looked at her lover with a conscience-stricken countenance.

"Oh, Rorie, and I have been so wickedly, wildly happy!" she cried, as if it were a crime to have so rejoiced. "And I made so light of mamma's last letter, in which she complained of being ill. I hardly gave it a thought."

"I don't suppose there is any thing very wrong," said Rorie, in a comforting tone, after he had studied those few bald words in the telegram, trying to squeeze the utmost meaning out of the brief sentence. "You see, Captain Carmichael does not say that your mother is dangerously ill, or even very ill; he only says ill. That might mean something quite insignificant—hay-fever, or neuralgia, or a nervous headache."

"But he tells me to go home—he who hates me, and was so glad to get me out of the house."

"It is your mother who summons you home, no doubt. She is mistress in her own house, of course."

"You would not say that if you knew Captain Carmichael."

They were alone together on the gravel-walk, Miss Skipwith having retired to make the tea in her dingy parlor. It had dawned upon her that this visitor of Miss Tempest's was no common friend; and she had judiciously left the lovers together. "Poor misguided child!" she murmured to herself, pityingly; "just as she was developing a vocation for serious things! But perhaps it is all for the best. I doubt if she would ever have had breadth of mind to grapple with the great problems of natural religion."

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Vixen, walking up and down with the telegram in her hand. "I shall have to endure hours of suspense before I can know how my poor mother is. There is no boat till to-morrow morning. It's no use talking, Rorie." Mr. Vawdrey was following her up and down the walk affectionately, but not saying a word. "I feel convinced that mamma must be seriously ill; I should not be sent for unless it were so. In all her letters there has not been a word about my going home. I was not wanted."

"But, dearest love, you know that your mother is apt to think seriously of trifles."

"Rorie, you told me an hour ago that she was looking ill when last you saw her."

Roderick looked at his watch.

"There is one thing I might do," he said, musingly. "Has Miss Skipwith a horse and trap?"

"Not the least bit in the world."

"That's a pity; it would have saved time. I'll get down to St. Helier's somehow, telegraph to Captain Carmichael to inquire the exact state of your mother's health, and not come back till I bring you his answer."

"Oh, Rorie, that would be good of you!" exclaimed Vixen. "But it seems too cruel to send you away like that; you have been travelling so long. You have had nothing to eat. You must be dreadfully tired."

"Tired! Have I not been with you? There are some people whose presence makes one unconscious of humanity's weaknesses. No, darling, I am neither tired nor hungry; I am only ineffably happy. I'll go down and set the wires in motion; and then I'll find out all about the steamer for to-morrow morning, and we will go back to Hampshire together."

And again the rejoicing lover quoted the Laureate:

> "And on her lover's arm she leant,
> And round her waist she felt it fold,
> And far across the hills they went,
> In that new world which is the old."

Rorie had to walk all the way to St. Helier's. He dispatched an urgent message to Captain Carmichael, and then dined temperately at a French restaurant not far from the quay, where the *bon vivants* of Jersey are wont to assemble nightly. When he had dined he walked about the harbor, looking at the ships, and watching the lights beginning to glimmer from the barrack windows, and the straggling street along the shore, and the far-off beacons shining out, as the rosy sunset darkened to purple night.

He went to the office two or three times before the return message had come; but at last it was handed to him, and he read it by the office lamp:

Captain Carmichael, Abbey House, Hampshire, to Mr. Vawdrey, St. Helier's:

"My wife is seriously ill, but in no immediate danger. The doctors order extreme quiet; all agitation is to be carefully avoided. Let Miss Tempest bear this in mind when she comes home."

Roderick drove back to Les Tourelles with this message, which was in some respects re-assuring, or at any rate afforded a certainty less appalling than Violet's measureless fears.

Vixen was sitting on the pilgrim's bench beside the manor-house gateway, watching for her lover's return. Oh, happy lover, to be thus watched for and thus welcomed; thrice, nay, a thousandfold happy, in the certainty that she was his own forever! He put his arm round her, and they wandered along the shadowy lane together, between dewy banks of tangled verdure, luminous with glow-worms. The stars were shining above the overarching roof of foliage, the harvest-moon was rising over the distant sea.

"What a beautiful place Jersey is!" exclaimed Vixen, innocently, as she strolled lower down the lane, circled by her lover's arm. "I had no idea it was half so lovely. But then, of course, I was never allowed to roam about in the moonlight. And indeed, Rorie, I think we had better go in directly. Miss Skipworth will be wondering."

"Let her wonder, love. I can explain every thing when we go in. She was young herself once upon a time, though one would hardly give her credit for it; and you may depend she has walked in this lane by moonlight. Yes, by the light of that very same sober old moon, which has looked down with the same indulgent smile upon endless generations of lovers."

"From Adam and Eve to Antony and Cleopatra," suggested Vixen, who couldn't get Egypt out of her head.

"Antony and Cleopatra were middle-aged lovers," said Rorie. "The moon must have despised them. Youth is the only season when love is wisdom, Vixen. In later life it means folly and drivelling, wrinkles badly hidden under paint, pencilled eyebrows, and false hair. Aphrodite should be forever young."

"Perhaps that's why the poor thing puts on paint and false hair when she finds youth departed," said Vixen.

"Then she is no longer Aphrodite, but Venus Pandemos, and a wicked old harridan," answered Rorie.

And then he began to sing, with a rich, full voice that rolled far upon the still air:

> "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may;
> Old Time is still a-flying;
> And this same flower that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying.
>
> "Then be not coy, but use your time,
> And whilst ye may, go marry;
> For having lost but once your prime,
> You may forever tarry."

"What a fine voice you have, Rorie!" cried Vixen.

"Have I, really? I thought it was only Lord Mallow who could sing. Do you know that I was desperately jealous of that nobleman once—when I fancied he was singing himself into your affections. Little did I think that he was destined to become my greatest benefactor."

"I shall make you sing duets with me, Sir, by-and-by."

"You shall make me stand on my head, or play clown in an amateur pantomime, or do any thing supremely ridiculous, if you like. 'Being your slave, what can I do—'"

"Yes, you must sing Mendelssohn with me—'I would that my love,' and 'Greeting.'"

"I have only one idea of greeting, after a cruel year of parting and sadness," said Rorie, drawing the bright young face to his own, and covering it with kisses.

Again Vixen urged that Miss Skipwith would be wondering, and this time with such insistence that Rorie was obliged to turn back and ascend the hill.

"How cruel it is of you to snatch a soul out of Elysium!" he remonstrated. "I felt as if I was lost in some happy dream, wandering down this path, which leads I know not where, into a dim wooded vale, such as the fairies love to inhabit."

"The road leads down to the inn at Le Tac, where cockney excursionists go to eat lobsters and play skittles," said Vixen, laughing at her lover.

They went back to the manor-house, where they found Miss Skipwith annotating a tremendous manuscript on blue foolscap—a work whose outward semblance would have been enough to frighten and deter any publisher in his right mind.

"How late you are, Violet!" she said, looking up dreamily from her manuscript. "I have been rewriting and polishing portions of my essay on Buddha. The time has flown, and I had no idea of the hour till Doddery came in just now to ask if he could shut up the house. And then I remembered that you had gone out to the gate to watch for Mr. Vawdrey."

"I'm afraid you must think our goings on rather eccentric," Rorie began, shyly; "but perhaps Vix—Miss Tempest has told you what old friends we are; that, in fact, I am quite the oldest friend she has. I came to Jersey on purpose to ask her to marry me, and she has been good enough—" smiling blissfully at Vixen, who tried to look daggers at him—"to say yes."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Skipwith, looking much alarmed; "this is very embarrassing. I am so unversed in such matters. My life has been given up to study, far from the haunts of man. My nephew informed me that there was a kind of—in point of fact, a flirtation, between Miss Tempest and a gentleman in Hampshire, of which he highly disapproved, the gentleman being engaged to marry his cousin."

"It was I," cried Rorie; "but there was no flirtation between Miss Tempest and me. Whoever asserted such a thing was a slanderer, and—I won't offend you by saying what he was, Miss Skipwith. There was no flirtation. I was Miss Tempest's oldest friend, her old playfellow; and we liked to see each other, and were always friendly together. But it was an understood thing that I was to marry my cousin. It was Miss Tempest's particular desire that I should keep an engagement made beside my mother's death-bed. If Miss Tempest had thought otherwise, I should have been at her feet. I would have flung that engagement to the winds; for Violet Tempest is the only woman I ever loved. And now all the world may know it, for my cousin has jilted me, and I am a free man."

"Good gracious! Can I really believe this?" asked Miss Skipwith, appealing to Violet.

"Rorie never told a falsehood in his life," Vixen answered, proudly.

"I feel myself in a most critical position, my dear child," said Miss Skipwith, looking from Roderick's frank, eager face to Vixen's downcast eyelids and mantling blushes. "I had hoped such a different fate for you. I thought the thirst for knowledge had arisen within you, that the aspiration to distinguish yourself from the ruck of ignorant women would follow the arising of that thirst, in natural sequence. And here I find you willing to marry a gentleman who happens to have been the companion of your childhood, and to resign—for his sake—all hopes of distinction."

"My chances of distinction were so small, dear Miss Skipwith," faltered Vixen. "If I had possessed your talents!"

"True," sighed the reformer of all the theologies. "We have not all the same gifts. There was a day when I thought it would be my lot to marry and subside into the dead level of domesticity; but I am thankful to think I escaped the snare."

"And the gentleman who wanted to marry you, how thankful must he be!" thought Rorie, dumbly.

"Yet there have been moments of depression when I have been weak enough to regret those early days," sighed Miss Skipwith. "At best our strength is tempered with weakness. It is the fate of genius to be lonely. And now I suppose I am to lose you, Violet?"

"I am summoned home to poor mamma," said Vixen.

"And after poor mamma has recovered, as I hope she speedily may, Violet will be wanted by her poor husband," said Rorie. "You must come across the sea and dance at our wedding, Miss Skipwith."

"Ah," sighed Miss Skipwith, "if you could but have waited for the establishment of my universal Church, what a grand ceremonial your marriage might have been!"

Miss Skipwith, though regretful, and inclined to take a dismal view of the marriage state and its responsibilities under the existing dispensation, was altogether friendly. She had a frugal supper of cold meat and salad, bread and cheese and cider, served in honor of Mr. Vawdrey, and they three sat till midnight talking happily—Miss Skipwith of theology, the other two of themselves and the smiling future, and such an innocent forest life as Rosalind and Orlando may have promised themselves, when they were deep in love, and the banished duke's daughter sighed for no wider kingdom than a shepherd's hut in the woodland, with the lover of her choice.

There were plenty of spare bedrooms at the manor-house, but so bare and empty, so long abandoned of human occupants, as to be fit only for the habitation of mice and spiders, stray bat or wandering owl. So Roderick had to walk down the hill again to St. Helier's, where he found hospitality at a hotel. He was up betimes, too happy to need much sleep, and at seven o'clock he and Vixen were walking in the dewy garden, planning the wonderful life they were to lead at Briarwood, and all the good they were to do. Happiness was to radiate from their home, as heat from the sun. The sick and the halt and the lame were to come to Briarwood, as they had come to the Abbey House before Captain Carmichael's barren rule of economy.

"God has been so good to us, Rorie!" said Vixen, nestling at her lover's side. "Can we ever be good enough to others?"

"We'll do our best, anyhow, little one," he answered, gently. "I am not like Mallow—I've no grand ideas about setting my native country in order, and doing away with the poor-laws; but I've always tried to make the people round me happy, and to keep them out of the work-house and the county jail."

They went to the court-yard where poor Argus lived his life of isolation, and they told him they were going to be married, and that his pathway henceforward would be strewn with roses, or at all events Spratt's biscuits. He was particularly noisy and demonstrative, and appeared to receive this news with a wild rapture that was eminently encouraging, doing his best to knock Roderick down, in the tumult of his delight. The lovers and the dog were alike childish in their infinite happiness, unthinking beings of the present hour, too happy to look backward or forward, this little space of time called "now" holding all things needful for delight.

These are the rare moments of life, to which the heart of man cries: "Oh, stay, thou art so beautiful!" and could the death-bell toll then, and doom come then, life would end in a glorious euthanasia.

Violet's portmanteaus were packed. All was ready. There would be just time for a hurried breakfast with Miss Skipwith, and then the fly from St. Helier's would be at the gate to carry the exile on the first stage of the journey home.

"Poor mamma!" sighed Vixen. "How wicked of me to feel so happy, when she is ill."

And then Rorie comforted her with kindly meant sophistries. Mrs. Carmichael's indisposition was doubtless more an affair of the nerves than a real illness. She would be cheered and revived immediately by her daughter's return.

"How could she suppose she would be able to live without you!" cried Rorie. "I know I found life hard to bear."

"Yet you bore it for more than a year with admirable patience," retorted Vixen, laughing at him; "and I do not find you particularly altered or emaciated."

"Oh, I used to eat and drink," said Rorie, with a look of self-contempt. "I'm afraid I'm a horribly low-minded brute. I used even to enjoy my dinner sometimes, after a long country ride; but I could never make you understand what a bore life was to me all last year, how the glory and enjoyment seemed to have gone out of existence. The dismal monotony of my days weighed upon me like a nightmare. Life had become a formula. I felt like a sick man who has to take so many doses of medicine, so many pills, so many basins of broth, in the twenty-four hours. There was no possible resistance. The sick-nurse was there, in the shape of Fate, ready to use brute force if I rebelled. I never did rebel. I assure you, Vixen, I was a model lover. Mabel and I had not a single quarrel. I think that is a proof that we did not care a straw for each other."

"You and I will have plenty of quarrels," said Vixen. "It will be so nice to make friends again."

Now came the hurried breakfast—a cup of tea drunk standing, not a crumb eaten; agitated adieux to Miss Skipwith, who wept very womanly tears over her departing charge, and uttered good wishes in a choking voice. Even the Dodderys seemed to Vixen more human than usual, now that she was going to leave them, in all likelihood forever. Miss Skipwith came to the gate to see the travellers off, and ascended the pilgrim's bench in order to have the latest view of the fly. From this eminence she waved her handkerchief as a farewell salutation.

"Poor soul!" sighed Vixen; "she has never been unkind to me; but, oh, what a dreary life I have led in that dismal old house!"

They had Argus in the fly with them, sitting up, with his mouth open, and his tail flapping against the bottom of the vehicle in perpetual motion. He kept giving his paw first to Vixen and then to Rorie, and exacted a great deal of attention, insomuch that Mr. Vawdrey exclaimed:

"Vixen, if you don't keep that dog within bounds, I shall think him as great a nuisance as a step-son. I offered to marry you, you know, not you and your dog."

"You are very rude!" cried Vixen.

"You don't expect me to be polite, I hope. What is the use of marrying one's old playfellow if one can not be uncivil to her now and then? To me you will always be the tawny-haired little girl I used to tease."

"Who used to tease you, you mean. You were very meek in those days."

Oh, what a happy voyage that was, over the summer sea! They sat side by side upon the bridge, sheltered from wind and sun, and talked the happy nonsense lovers talk, but which can hardly be so sweet between lovers whose youth and childhood have been spent far apart, as between these two who had been reared amidst the same sylvan world, and had every desire and every thought in unison. How brief the voyage seemed! It was but an hour or so since Roderick had been buying peaches and grapes, as they lay at the end of the pier at Guernsey, and here were the Needles and the chalky cliffs and undulating downs of the Wight. The Wight! That meant Hampshire and home!

"How often those downs have been our weather-glass, Rorie, when we have been riding across the hills between Lyndhurst and Beaulieu!" said Vixen.

She had a world of questions to ask him about all that had happened during her exile. She almost expected to hear that Lyndhurst steeple had fallen; that the hounds had died of old age; that the Knightwood Oak had been struck by lightning; or that some among those calamities which time naturally brings had befallen the surroundings of her home. It was the strangest thing in the world to hear that nothing had happened, that every thing was exactly the same as it had been when she went away. That dreary year of exile had seemed long enough for earthquakes and destructions, or even for slow decay.

"Do you know what became of Arion?" asked Vixen, almost afraid to shape the question.

"Oh, I believe he was sold soon after you left home," Rorie answered, carelessly.

"Sold!" echoed Vixen, drearily. "Poor dear thing! Yes, I felt sure Captain Carmichael would sell him. But I hoped—"

"What?"

"That some one I knew might buy him. Lord Mallow, perhaps."

"Lord Mallow! Ah, you thought he would buy your horse for love of the rider. But, you see, constancy isn't one of that noble Irishman's virtues. He loves and he rides away—when the lady won't have him, *bien entendu*. No; Arion was sent up to Tattersall's, and disposed of in the usual way. Some fellow bought him for a covert hack."

"I hope the man wasn't a heavy-weight!" exclaimed Vixen, almost in tears.

She thought Rorie was horribly unfeeling.

"What does it matter? A horse must earn his salt."

"I had rather my poor pet had been shot, and buried in one of the meadows at home," said Vixen, plaintively.

"Captain Carmichael was too wise to allow that. Your poor pet fetched a hundred and forty-five guineas under the hammer."

"I don't think it is very kind of you to talk of him so lightly," said Vixen.

This was the only little cloud that came between them in all the voyage. Long before sunset they were steaming into Southampton Water, and the yellow light was still shining on the furzy levels when the brougham that contained Vixen and her fortunes drove along the road to Lyndhurst.

She had asked the coachman for news of his mistress, and had been told that Mrs. Carmichael was pretty much the same. The answer was in some measure re-assuring, yet Violet's spirits began to sink as she drew nearer home, and must so soon find herself face to face with the truth. There was a sadness, too, in that quiet evening hour; and the shadowy distances seemed full of gloom, after the dancing waves and the gay morning light.

The dusk was creeping slowly on as the carriage passed the lodge, and drove between green walls of rhododendron to the house. Captain Carmichael was smoking his cigar in the porch, leaning against the Gothic masonry in the attitude Vixen knew so well of old.

"If my mother were lying in her coffin, I dare say he would be just the same," she thought, bitterly.

The captain came down to open the carriage door. Vixen's first glance at his face showed her that he looked worn and anxious.

"Is mamma very ill?" she asked, tremulously.

"Very ill," he answered, in a low voice. "Mind, you are to do or say nothing that can agitate her. You must be quiet and cheerful. If you see a change, you must take care to say nothing about it."

"Why did you leave me so long in ignorance of her illness? Why did you not send for me sooner?"

"Your mother has only been seriously ill within the last few days. I sent for you directly I saw any occasion for your presence," the captain answered, coldly.

He now for the first time became aware of Mr. Vawdrey, who had got out of the brougham on the other side and came round to assist in the unshipment of Violet's belongings.

"Good-evening, Mr. Vawdrey. Where in Heaven's name did you spring from?" he inquired, with a vexed air.

"I have had the honor of escorting Miss Tempest from Jersey, where I happened to be when she received your telegram."

"Wasn't that rather an odd proceeding, and likely to cause scandal?"

"I think not; for before people can hear that Miss Tempest and I crossed in the same boat, I hope they will have heard that Miss Tempest and I are going to be married."

"I see," cried the captain, with a short laugh of exceeding bitterness; "being off with the old love, you have made haste to be on with the new."

"I beg your pardon. It is no new love, but a love as old as my boyhood," answered Rorie. "In one weak moment of my life I was foolish enough to let my mother choose a wife for me, though I had made my own choice, unconsciously, years before."

"May I go to mamma at once?" asked Vixen.

The captain said Yes, and she went up the staircase and along the corridor to Mrs. Carmichael's room. Oh, how dear and familiar the old house looked, how full of richness and color after the bareness and decay of Les Tourelles; brocaded curtains hanging in heavy folds against the carved oaken frame-work of a deep-set window; gleams of evening light stealing through old stained glass; every where a rich variety of form and hue that filled and satisfied the eye; a house worth living in, assuredly, with but a little love to sanctify and hallow all these things. But how worthless these things if discord and hatred found a habitation among them!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAINING THOROUGH-BREDS.

THE busy preparations for the spring racing meeting at Jerome Park form the subject of illustration on page 412. The first sight which strikes an early morning visitor to the track is the long "strings" of thorough-breds, hooded and blanketed, taking their walking exercise in the cool of the morning. After the requisite distance has been gone over at that pace, the gait is increased to a gallop, at such rate and for such distance as may, in the judgment of the trainer, be necessary. In case too much external fat has accumulated during the winter's rest, heavier clothing is adjusted, and the colt is galloped at a good rate for a couple of miles or so, when the heavy clothing is removed and the copious perspiration scraped off, when gentle walking is resumed until the colt is thoroughly dry. He is then taken to his stable, fed, and "done up" for the day. In the afternoon he is again taken out, and the same routine is gone through with as regards his exercise, varied, as the day of the race approaches, with what is termed a "trial run," in which he is raced at the distance he will be required to compete, carrying the weight assigned to him. These trials are kept as secret as possible from all except those immediately concerned. They are sometimes useful to an owner in estimating his horse's chances in his race, but frequently the public running reverses the "trials" in a most inexplicable manner, proving the truth of the old darky's sage observation: "Dis race-hoss business am mighty onsartin."

The spring meeting at Jerome, which opens on May 30 (Decoration-day), promises to be one of the most successful held there, and will doubtless be largely attended by the public, whose interest in racing has been thoroughly awakened by the brilliant triumphs of Mr. LORILLARD's Parole, whose three victories in one week, also the winning of Pappoose (full sister to Parole) the first time of asking, over English horses "upon their native heath," were received with such demonstrations of delight upon this side of the Atlantic.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. HAGEN, in a paper lately published by the Boston Society of Natural History, gives an account of the various species of museum pests in the United States, which can not fail to interest those who have the care of birds, insects, etc., which require supervision. He finds that the greater number of injurious insects belong to the beetle family, or *Dermestes*, the largest of which is the *Dermestes lardarius*. It is especially abundant among badly cleaned skeletons, or the skins of large birds from which the flesh has not been thoroughly removed or poisoned. This species is easily recognized by the large, granulous, jet-black excrement of the larva, which, being very conspicuous objects, at once show the presence of the animal.

Much more dangerous than this, according to Dr. HAGEN, is the larva of the *Attagenus megatoma*, this having half of the share in the destruction ascribed to carpet-bugs. It is very slender, and is recognized by the small globular excrement of the larva. This requires very careful watching to prevent a great amount of damage.

In the genus *Anthrenus* are three species of about the size and shape of a flax seed. Two of these are more or less common. The third, *A. scrophularia*, is the carpet-bug, which has only been known as a museum pest in New England within the last few years, and is the most dangerous of all. The various species are recognized by the excrement in the form of very fine light brown globules.

A species of *Ptinus*, which is one of the most common of these pests in Europe, is very rare in America.

A beetle of the genus *Tribolium* has of late been very injurious to collections of insects, and is one of the most difficult to counteract.

Among the lepidoptera the most annoying pest in collections of insects is the common clothes moth, which is equally destructive among the skins of birds.

A small Acarus of the genus *Tyroglyphus* is much more dangerous, on account of its minute size and the ease with which it penetrates almost inappreciable openings. Of some twelve or more species enumerated by Dr. HAGEN, he considers only three as really dangerous among collections of insects. These are *Attagenus megatoma*, *Anthrenus varius*, and *A. scrophularia*, the *Dermestes* being too large to escape the most casual observation.

A curious statement is made by Dr. HAGEN, that, as a general rule, the insects which are injurious to museums in Europe are not so in America, and *vice versa*, the physical conditions of the two countries seeming to act differently upon the development and maintenance of the species; and there is even a difference in regard to the insects of the Eastern States and those on the Pacific, according to Mr. HENRY EDWARDS, the destructive beetles not being common in California, the real trouble being with Acari. It is not a little remarkable that many of these species are naturally vegetable feeders, and that their engaging in the destruction of animal matter involves an entire change in their habits.

For some years past the mackerel fleet of New England has anticipated its usual period of activity by proceeding early in the spring to the southern coast of the United States, for the purpose of intercepting the schools of mackerel as they come on the coast, instead of waiting for some weeks later until their arrival. This change of policy has been earnestly condemned by many fishermen, as tending to seriously affect the catch in the summer and autumn, the fish at the time being of very poor quality, and on their way to their spawning grounds, if not actually discharging their eggs. As a result, it is claimed that the diminution in the number of fish observed within a few years past is due to this cause. Be this as it may, it is not likely that the fishermen will forego the chance of being the first to bring in a cargo of fresh mackerel, worth ten or twelve cents apiece, instead of deferring to a later period, when they will bring a much smaller sum.

We have already referred to the proposed Imperial Russian expedition to Central Asia, under the command of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS. Further details indicate that this, while having as a general object the exploration of the physical and natural peculiarities of Central Asia, is intended especially to select a route for a Central Asian railway, to examine the navigability of the Oxus, and to decide upon the possibility of diverting it into the Caspian. A series of astronomical, geodetic, and meteorological observations will be made, as also collections of mineralogy, geology, and botany.

Dr. CREVAUX, the explorer of French Guiana, has continued his observations, and discovered a number of mountain peaks as well as streams, the existence of which had not previously been known.

The French journals speak in terms of high praise and commendation of the instantaneous photographs of animals and men made by Mr. MUYBRIDGE, the well-known photographer of San Francisco. His most recent method consists in causing the horse to trot or gallop past twelve cameras, arranged in series, and by breaking threads across his path, release an electric current, thus causing an exposure of the plates. The flying steed is thus obtained in every position. Professor MOREY, whose researches upon motion are well known, has invoked Mr. MUYBRIDGE's aid in securing similar illustrations of birds in flight.

A similar tendency to a subdivision of scientific publications to that which prevails in Europe is manifested in the United States. For many years the *American Journal of Science*, in every thing relating to physics and natural history, and the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, for physics and technology, had almost entire possession of the field of private publications, although the proceedings of the leading societies, such as the American Philosophical Society, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the New York Lyceum of Natural History, the Boston Society of Natural History, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, also shared with them the contributions of the public. Of late years, however, not only has the number of societies publishing memoirs relating to different specialties greatly increased, but private serials have also multiplied.

We have lately had occasion to refer to a new meteorological and to a second American mathematical journal, and we have just received the first number of the *American Chemical Journal*, edited by Mr. IRA REMSEN, a well-known professor in the Johns Hopkins University.

In view of the fact that there are already one or two journals more particularly devoted to chemistry, both theoretical and applied, the appearance of a new journal shows that there is a call for greater facilities of publication. Professor REMSEN's periodical is intended especially for original papers on pure chemistry, written by American chemists, although these will be supplemented by articles from other journals which are believed to contain really important contributions. Exhaustive abstracts of all chemical papers published by the Chemical Society of London in the annual journal of reports make it unnecessary, in Professor REMSEN's opinion, to attempt to cover much ground in the way of scientific news.

Another feature of the journal will be a series of systematic reports upon particular branches of chemistry by eminent writers, the present number containing such a report on applied chemistry by Professor J. W. MALLET. The work is published in Baltimore, under the patronage of the Johns Hopkins University, and will probably appear bimonthly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE recipe for the following dainty is said to have been inherited from Alexandre Dumas the elder. The dainty is called *Anchois Monte-Cristo*. "You take a Spanish olive, and you put a rolled anchovy in the place of the kernel; then you put the olive into an ortolan, the ortolan into a quail, the quail into a pheasant, the pheasant into a turkey, the turkey into a little pig; you roast the latter for five hours; then you cast away every outward envelope to the dogs, and you keep only—" "The olive?" "You glutton, the anchovy!"

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the widow Bedott's two daughters, who were entertaining their young fellows on the piazza rather late one night last summer, of their mother, who seemed to be hunting for something around the front yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

"My dear," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you?" "Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

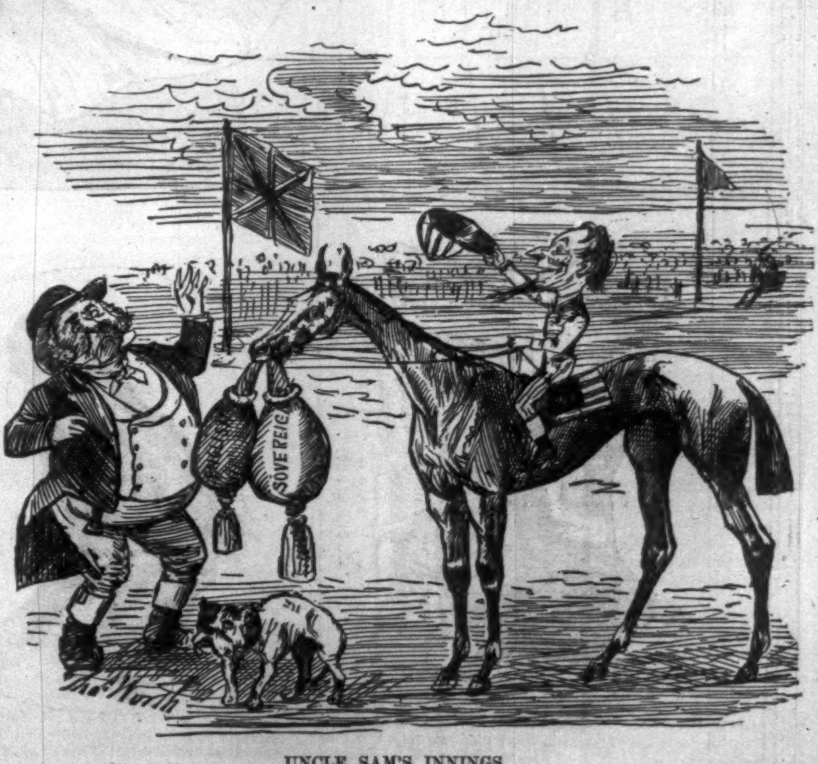
When a man owes a debt and refuses to pay more than half of it, he calls the arrangement a compromise with his creditors. The creditors call it a swindle.

Not long since, in Texas, a juror arose, when the evidence was all in, and said that the twelve good men and true did not wish to hear the lawyers' speeches. And they didn't.

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI MALUM."—"His acts made him immortal, and he lives more than ever," were the words of a minister at a funeral; but the compositor put it in this fashion: "His acts made him immoral, and he lies worse than ever."

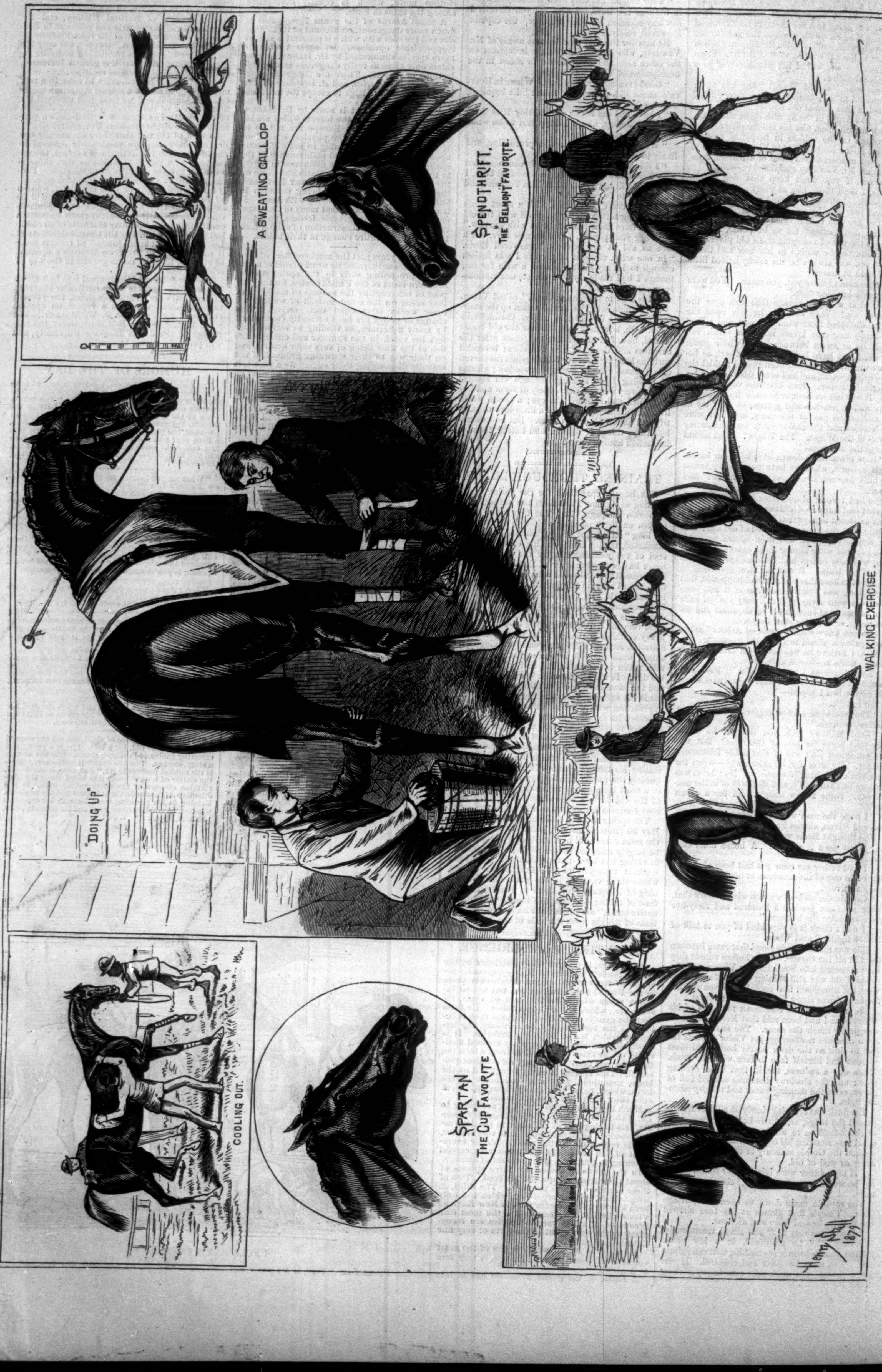
She was a stubborn woman, and when she died her husband planted a willow over her grave, so that even in death she might have a will o' her own.

She tore the azure robe of night, and set the stars of glory there. She did, for a fact. She is a young and careering genius of Portland, Maine. She has written a story, she has. She has drawn it mild—very. Here is the mildest passage in it: "And even as she mused, the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard along the labyrinthian avenues of the outspreading park. It was Juanita's Alphonso de Cassa Bianca and his retainers. Reining in his prancing steed beneath her casement window, he cried, in oleaginous and farinaceous tones, 'Juanita, appear!'" Wow!



UNCLE SAM'S INNINGS.

UNCLE SAM. "Well, if we can't win with our own legs, we can with our horses'."


A SWEATING GALLOP
SPENDTHRIFT, THE "BELMONT" FAVORITE.
"DOING UP"
COOLING OUT.
SPARTAN THE "CUP" FAVORITE
WALKING EXERCISE.
Henry Stull 1879

TRAINING THOROUGH-BREDS AT JEROME PARK.—Drawn by Henry Stull.—[See Page 411.]

THE FINE ARTS.

ON our first page will be found an engraving from the equestrian statue of General **THOMAS**, just executed by our foremost American sculptor, Mr. J. Q. A. **WARD**. The work exists at present in plaster only, and has been privately exhibited in the artist's studio. It was made for the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and when cast in bronze it will be erected in Washington on the circle at the junction of Vermont and Massachusetts avenues. A more noble equestrian statue does not exist. There is nothing melodramatic in the action, no effort to catch the eye by representing a feat in equestrianism; and yet the group is full of spirit and force. The General has just reined in his magnificent horse on the summit of a slight acclivity, as if to take a sweeping view of the battle-field. The horse's head is thrown back and up by the rider's firm check on the bit, and his whole attitude conveys the impression of rapid motion suddenly checked. The General's position is firm, but easy and natural. He sits like a soldier, not like a circus-rider or a jockey; and the noble horse reminds one of the magnificent passage in Job, which is familiar to every reader.

This grand work is about fifteen feet in height, from the ground on which the horse stands to the top of the rider's head. The figures are about twice the size of life. The color of the bronze when the statue is cast will be a clear light brown, almost the natural color of the alloy. The group is to stand on a pedestal of granite of elliptical shape, about sixteen feet in height, on which there will be decorations and tablets of bronze. The cost of the statue will be $40,000, and of the pedestal $20,000. The work was ordered by the Society four years ago. It will be placed in position next October, with appropriate ceremonies.

Our Academy selections this week comprise a very graceful group of statuary by J. S. **HARTLEY**, and a fine landscape by J. B. **BRISTOL**, showing a picturesque passage on the Housatonic River. Each work is beautiful and exquisite, and requires no words to heighten its impression on the mind.

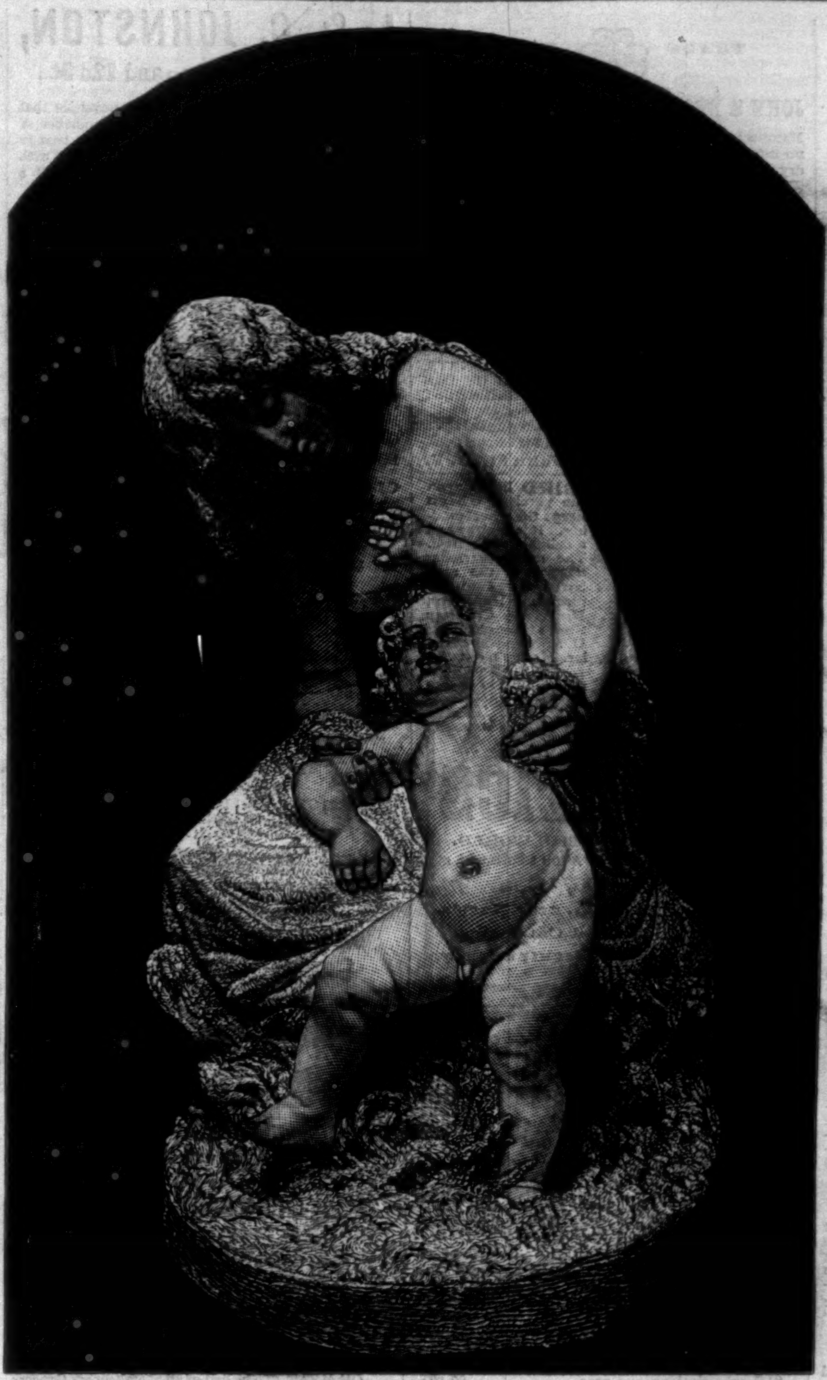
The French art critic **ALEXANDRE DE LATOUR**, in a recent number of *L'Art*, speaks in a very appreciative manner of Mr. E. A. **ABBEY**'s sepia drawing, "The Stage Office," of which an excellent full-page engraving is also given. The article is on "Water-Colors and Engravings" at the late Exposition, where Mr. **ABBEY**'s drawing attracted great attention. M. **DE LATOUR** speaks of having found with the few water-colors from America "a superlatively excellent sepia, 'The Stage Office,' by E. A. **ABBEY**, who had lavished on this *Relais de Diligence*, so full of humor, taste, *finesse*, a piquant execution, and the very delicate variations of an accomplished colorist. Mr. **ABBEY** has not alone a future, a brilliant future—he has arrived; his present is most enviable. I find him again among the drawings, and there I am unable to praise too much his manner, which is at the same time learned, supple, and essentially pleasing, in the very artistic acceptation of the word, be it understood. Nothing less than the brilliant merit of his performance is needed to pardon the ugliness of his types." And further: "At his side Mr. **GORDON GREENOUGH** holds deservedly his place His portrait of Mademoiselle **DE B——** [also finely reproduced in the article] is a crayon of the most distinguished. To have two draughtsmen of this force among seven exhibitors does much honor to the United States."

IMMURED IN A MONASTERY.

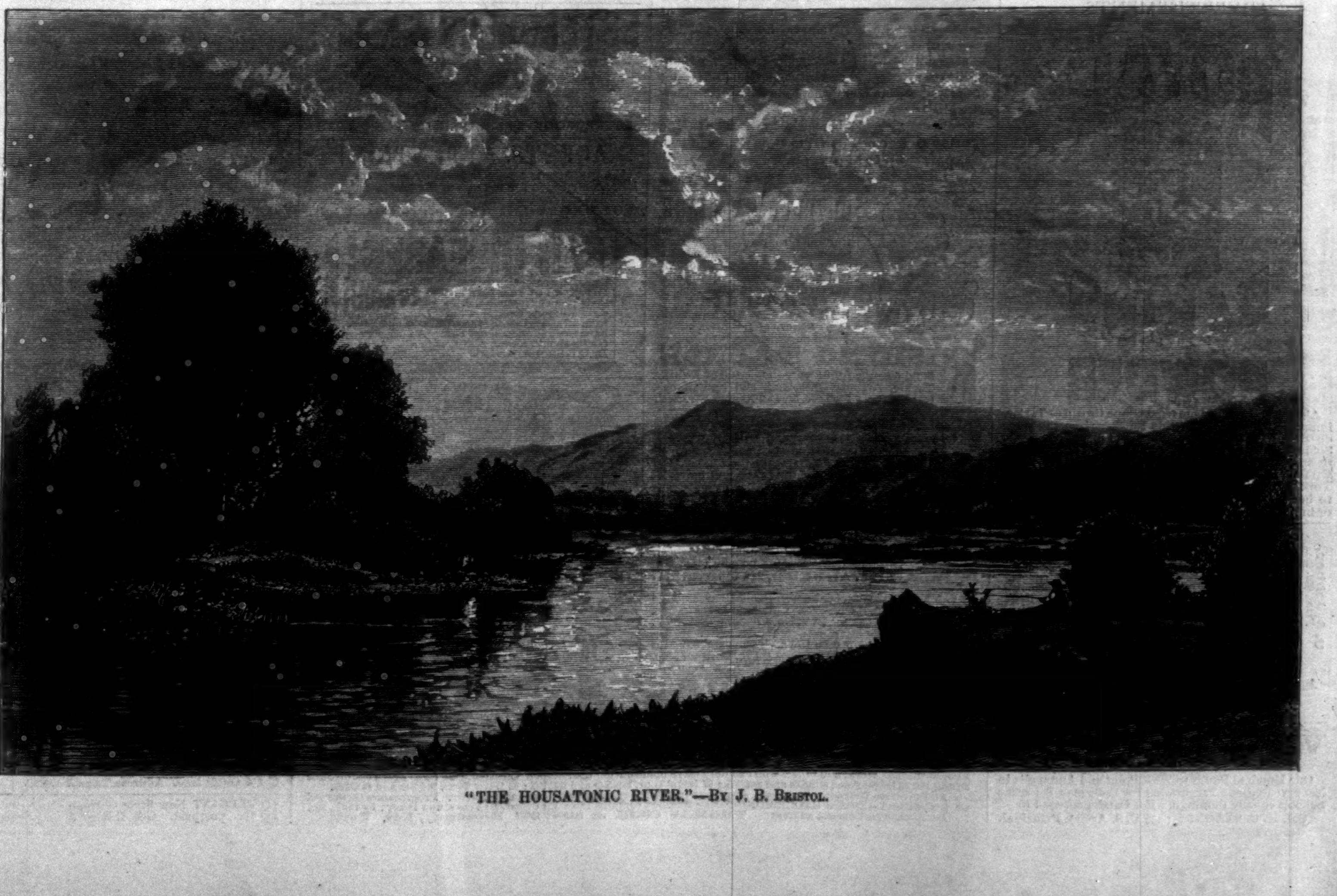
THE French National Assembly in 1790 refused to recognize Catholicism as the state religion, abolished monastic vows, suppressed all orders and congregations—except those charged with the succor of the sick—and decreed the civil constitution of the clergy. The popular feeling found expression on the stage, and about this time a melodrama exposing the abuses of the Romish Church was performed with immense success by the comedians of the Français. It was called *Les Victimes Cloîtrées* (the immured victims), and the story was briefly this:

A silly and superstitious mother and a too easy father leave their child, a young girl, at the convent of the town in which they live, while they go for a time to Paris. The girl, Eugénie de St. Alban, is betrothed to a friend of the family, named Dorval, young and very rich; he inquires after her constantly, and soon learns to his horror that she is unwell—seriously ill; in a few days, when he insists on seeing her, dead. He is told by the Père Laurent, confessor of the St. Albans and head of a monastery which adjoins the convent, that her illness was infectious, and that for this reason she was allowed to see no one, and it was necessary to bury her with the greatest haste. He is utterly crushed by the stroke, and Père Laurent has little difficulty in making him resolve to give up the world (and his wealth—to the monastery), and take up his abode in a dwelling where he will, at least, be always near the remains of his beloved. The play is filled with the struggle between the Père Laurent, a second Tartuffe, and Francheville, a manly friend of Dorval, each doing all he can to influence the young man's decision—the one to confirm, the other to shake it. This struggle culminates in a scene, in which Francheville's honest indignation has all but conquered, when Dorval's mind, cunningly enfeebled by long isolation and a continued strain of exaggerated feeling, gives way for the time, and he yields entirely to Père Laurent. Immediately after this, however, the one good monk of the community, the Père Louis, contriving to speak to Dorval, reveals to him the horrible villainy of Laurent, who, failing to seduce the young girl, Eugénie, had resolved by her death to obtain a mastery over Dorval's feelings, and ultimately over his property.

Dorval's want of self-control at once betrays to Laurent his knowledge of this frightful secret; and the poor boy is gagged and thrown into a vault under the monastery, just by the wall which divides it from the convent. He is sinking down, overcome by despair, when to his horror he finds that he is resting upon a corpse. Looking more closely, he discovers upon the floor, traced in letters of blood, these words: "During the twenty years that I have been perishing here, I have succeeded in detaching a bar of iron which fastened this tomb to the wall." Dorval snatches up the



"THE BATH."—BY J. S. HARTLEY.



"THE HOUSATONIC RIVER."—BY J. B. BRISTOL.

bar, and, following further directions which he finds, attempts to force aside a large stone in the wall. It yields; another and another soon follow, and in a few moments he has forced his way into an adjoining cell, in every way like his own. Here he finds a prisoner—a woman, who has fainted and lies insensible; as will be guessed, it is Eugénie, condemned by Père Laurent to this most lingering and horrible of deaths. The lovers, thus reunited in their prison, enjoy a brief moment of happiness; then they hear coming steps, and Dorval again seizes the iron, determined at all events to die fighting. But their fears are needless: it is the Père Louis and Francheville, who come to succor them, armed with the power of the state—for liberty has just triumphed, and the tyranny of the Church fallen (as they hope) forever.

In this play the character of Dorval is drawn with more than ordinary truth and power, and most of the others are firmly and clearly sketched; but it was not, of course, the literary merit of the piece which secured its success. It came at a very opportune moment, and may be said to have satisfied a popular need—or at least to have supplied a vent for popular emotion, which was further excited by an incident of the first representation. When, in the third act, Père Laurent gave the order to drag Dorval away, a man in the audience leaped up, crying, "Slay that villain!" For the moment he seemed almost mad; then, composing himself, he turned to those whom his sudden action had startled, and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, but I was a monk myself; like Dorval, I have been thrown into a dungeon; and I thought I recognized in Père Laurent my old superior." Whether this interruption was genuine, or was only a cleverly got up "sensation," it had its effect, and all Paris went to see *Les Victimes Cloîtrées.*

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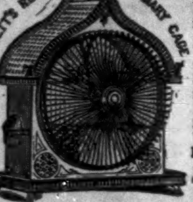
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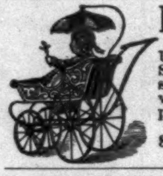

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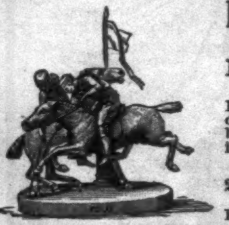

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THE SKIN AND SCALP.

How to Preserve them, and how to Treat them when Diseased.

A Fair Skin and Luxuriant Tresses the Secret of Beauty.

Some of the Tortures Inflicted by Skin and Scalp Diseases.

A Valuable Treatise, by [*] Mary E. Josselyn, M.D., of New York.

Apart from the suffering caused by skin diseases, their influence on the happiness of those to whom a delicate and pearly complexion is the dearest wish of their lives is paramount to all others. No lady afflicted with cutaneous eruptions, or loss of hair, will deny that, to obtain a fair skin and luxuriant tresses, she would gladly exchange the disfigurations that now mar her otherwise handsome face, hands, or hair, for other diseases of greater severity—even danger—could their existence be concealed from the public eye. There is something repulsive about a face covered with humor; and all the grace of manner and brilliant powers of conversation can scarcely remove the impression produced on one who witnesses it. It is remembered when more important and worthy subjects are forgotten. Many an estimable lady's life has been embittered by cutaneous affections. She imagines that every one sees and comments upon her looks. She avoids society and public places, and endeavors to hide her misery in seclusion. Here the struggle to improve her appearance is renewed. No remedy is too repulsive or dangerous to be used. Arsenic is devoured in large quantities, mercury is taken internally and applied externally, until the teeth rattle in their loosened sockets, and the system groans beneath the load of poisons it is obliged to carry.

If such be the feelings of one afflicted with slight skin blemishes, what must be the condition of those suffering from salt-rheum, tetter, ringworm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, and scald-head? No pen can fully describe the tortures they endure. Death in many cases might be considered a blessing. The burning heat, inflammation, and itching nearly impel the sufferer to do violence to himself in order to end his sufferings. I have seen patients tear their flesh with their nails until the blood flowed in streams. Others have told me that they could cut the flesh from their limbs, so great was the agony they endured.

With a view to impart some useful information on the construction and preservation of the skin, scalp, and hair, and the proper treatment of them when diseased, I have here condensed to a popular form such information as is most desired.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SKIN.

The skin is composed of two layers, which may be separated from each other by the action of a blister. The thin portion, which is raised up by the blister, is called the *scarfskin*, the *cuticle*, or the *epidermis*; that which remains in connection with the body is the *sensitive skin*, the *cutis*, the *derma*, or the *true skin*. Each has separate duties to perform. The *scarfskin* is horny and insensible, and serves as a sheath to protect the more sensitive skin under it. Were the scarf skin taken off, we could not bear to have anything touch us. The *derma* or *true skin*, and its glands, oil tubes, etc., are the seat of all cutaneous diseases. These may be separated into four great divisions, viz., diseases of the true skin, diseases of the sweat glands and tubes, diseases of the oil glands and tubes, and diseases of the hair and hair glands.

THE OIL AND SWEAT GLANDS.

That the skin may be pliable and healthy it is necessary to have it oiled every day, and for this the Creator has wisely provided by placing in the true skin small glands and tubes, whose office it is to prepare and pour out upon the surface the proper amount of oil. On some parts of the body they do not exist, but are abundant on the face, nose, ears, head, eyelids, &c. They produce the wax of the ears, and on the head they open into the sheath of the hair, and furnish it with Nature's own hair-oil or pomade. When the skin is healthy, these little vessels are always at work, and constantly responding to the demands made upon them. Consequently no person should be afraid to wash thoroughly every day with soap and water, lest, as the Boston Medical Journal once taught, the skin be injured by having the oil removed from it.

FREQUENT WASHINGS WITH PURE SOAP

(free from caustic alkalies)—and I have something to say further on about soap that will be of interest to all who desire to preserve the skin and scalp in health, or to properly treat them when diseased—and lukewarm water, followed by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, will do more to preserve the healthy action of the oil glands and tubes, upon which depends a clear and wholesome complexion, than all the cosmetics in the world. So important is the free and perfect action of the sweat and fat or oil glands in the preservation of the general health, as well as the special condition of the skin, that particular attention to them will be rewarded by increased physical health.

They discharge upon the surface of the body about two and one-half pounds of matter per day, and their importance in the purification of the blood and fluids of the body is so great that were they closed by an impervious coating, like rubber or oiled silk, death would soon ensue.

The daily occupation of many, want of cleanliness in others, and the inheritance of a sluggish skin, pave the way for numerous diseases of these vessels and tubes. Their contents, instead of flowing freely, become hard and impacted, and the vessels are not emptied. Hence the origin of many diseases.

Sometimes the action of the gland is too great, and oil is poured out so profusely that the surface shines with it. At other times there is so little that the skin is dry and hard. In the hardened oily matter that constitutes comedones are found small animals which Erasmus Wilson, the great authority, calls "the animal of the oily product of the skin."

THE GREAT SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES.

But bad as are minor forms of skin diseases, they sink into insignificance when compared with the great skin and scalp diseases with which thousands are afflicted during their whole lives. That the reader may know more about them, the principal affections are here named, omitting such as are symptoms of constitutional diseases, like measles, rash, &c. The most important are salt-rheum, or eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, impetigo, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, barber's itch, Jackson's itch, baker's itch, ground itch, scald-head, and dandruff.

Towering above all others in extent, in duration, in suffering, is

ECZEMA,

commonly called salt-rheum. Wilson divides it into twelve species, and others into many more; but it is sufficiently clear to the average reader, and will be recognized by its small watery blister, about the size of a pin-head, wherever seen. Prurigo, impetigo, and psoriasis are but little behind salt-rheum in the suffering they cause. Scald-head is another obstinate affection, defying all remedies, destroying the hair, and producing great misery and suffering. The scalp, like the skin, is subject to salt-rheum, tetter, dandruff, and other eruptive and scaly diseases, which generally destroy the hair follicles and produce permanent baldness.

THE TREATMENT

of diseases of the skin and scalp has been for centuries based upon the mistaken theory that they are entirely due to some impurity of the blood. No special attention has ever been directed to the important part the sweat and fat glands play in the propagation and maintenance of disease.

It is no unjust reflection upon the medical profession to say that its efforts in the cure of skin diseases have been a failure. What with mistaken theories, poisonous remedies, and blind adherence to methods and practices originating in ignorance and superstition, salt-rheum, scald-head, and psoriasis flourish and increase upon systems shattered by the copious use, both internal and external, of mercury, arsenic, zinc, and lead. Dr. Wood mildly admits that the mercurial influence does sometimes produce salt-rheum—a fact so well known that it is recorded in most of the text-books as mercurial eczema.

BLOOD PURIFIERS.

For centuries it has been the popular notion that diseases of the skin and scalp must be cured, if cured at all, by purifying the blood.

Admitting that this is partly true, what has been the method or what the remedies by which it was sought to be accomplished?

MERCURY AND ARSENIC.

Putting aside the senseless "sarsaparilla," "dock," and "dandelion" "blood purifiers," and considering only those remedies that have received the sanction of physicians, hospitals, and colleges, we find that mercury and arsenic are the only medicinal agents of to-day, as they were hundreds of years ago, which are regarded by the "regular" as having specific medical properties for the purification of the blood, and hence the only remedies adapted to the treatment of skin and scalp diseases.

A FEW POISONS.

Out of seventeen prescriptions denominated "alteratives," or "blood purifiers," taken from a standard medical work, eight contained mercury in the form of corrosive sublimate, the proto-iodide, and the blue pill, five arsenic, three iodine—all corrosive poisons. For four hundred years mercury has been the sheet-anchor of the regular practitioner, and arsenic the main-stay of the specialist. It is not to be expected that the productions of quacks and patent-medicine men are any better. So much for internal remedies.

While the blood is being purified (?) by the internal administration of poison (!), the good work is often hastened forward where the subject is a skin disease, by the external application of ointments and salves and solutions, in every case containing a virulent poison. Referring to the same "standard medical work," we find that these are directed to be prepared from

CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE

(mercury !), white precipitate (mercury ! !), red precipitate (mercury ! ! !), citrine ointment (mercury ! ! ! !), prussic acid, arsenic, zinc, sulphur, lead, creosote, and opium, as suits the fancy or prejudice of the physician. Here is the whole list in the exact order in which they are given; not one is omitted. This is the course pursued by the average practitioner, and advocated by most of the schools of medicine.

THE TRUE THEORY.

But a little light is being thrown upon the darkness that has surrounded the intellect of the past. To a few German and French physicians and specialists we owe what true progress we are making at the present time in the cure of obstinate affections of the skin and scalp. They teach and *prove* (1) that diseases of the skin and scalp are caused by a derangement of the secretory and excretory tubes and vessels of the true skin, and (2) that such diseases or affections are aggravated and maintained by poisonous fluids containing the virus of scrofula, malaria, or contagious disease, which are discharged from the blood and circulating fluids upon the skin through the sweat and fat glands. From these facts they successfully maintain that skin diseases cannot be cured solely by internal remedies, nor solely by external remedies, but by a judicious use of both. These affections are not wholly caused by impurities of the blood and circulating fluids, nor are they due entirely to a diseased condition of the sweat and fat glands, tubes, vessels, and cells of the true skin, but to a peculiar and inseparable condition of both. For if you treat the one to the neglect of the other, no progress is made, but with attention to both at the same time, and the use of such remedies as I can here recommend, a permanent cure is possible in nearly every case.

"WHAT WE WANT,"

said a distinguished authority on the skin, "what we most earnestly desire in order to cure the most obstinate skin and scalp affections, are three great remedies, with as many specific properties: viz.—

"1. An *external* application of a jelly consistence that has the power of arresting inflammation and destroying fungus or parasitic growths.

"2. An emollient and healing soap, free from caustic alkalies, for cleansing diseased surfaces.

"3. An *internal* remedy having a chemical affinity or the power of uniting with and neutralizing or destroying the corrupt particles of matter or disease-breeding elements which exist as impurities in the blood and circulating fluids, and which are discharged upon the skin by the sweat and fat glands to feed diseases already existing.

"With three such remedies as I conceive it possible to prepare, but which I do not now know to exist, I will venture to assert that ninety per centum of the skin diseases in existence may be permanently cured."

THE USUAL REMEDIES FAILURES.

If I have appeared severe upon the medical profession, I have not been unjustly so toward physicians who adhere to practices at variance with reason and common-sense, and, withal, lamentable failures. I here assert that no ointment, salve, cerate, lotion, or compound for external application, nor alterative or "blood purifier" for internal use, to be found in the *materia medica* of the schools and colleges of medicines, and there are thousands of them, will certainly cure a case of chronic salt-rheum, psoriasis, or leprosy—no, not even dandruff and simple scaly affections. I have tried them with all the care and experience suggested by a liberal education, but with unsatisfactory results, as to specific curative properties.

HOPE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Hence, when Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, of Boston, informed me that for eight years they had been experimenting with medicinal agents, and had obtained mostly from substances never before used in medicine, and by a process original with themselves, three great remedies, which they believed to be an infallible cure for every kind of skin and scalp disease from salt-rheum to dandruff, whether caused by a scrofulous or disease-tainted blood, or by a morbid condition of the glands, tubes, vessels, and cells of the true skin, or both. As I had concluded to devote my life entirely to the treatment of skin and scalp diseases, to which I have given much study and attention, I eagerly embraced the opportunity given me by Messrs. Weeks & Potter to make a thorough test of these remedies in my practice, and if successful, to give them such publicity as their merits entitled them to. This I now do, with the object of thereby lessening as far as in my power the great suffering caused by the diseases under consideration. With this object in view, I received a quantity of each remedy, and made a most careful examination of them.

THE FIRST.

The name given to the first of these great remedies is Cuticura, from *cutis*, the skin, and *cura*, a cure—a skin cure. In practice I found it possessed wonderful curative properties as they exist in no other remedies of the day. It is entirely unlike anything for external application that I have ever seen before. It does not contain a particle of deleterious or unwholesome matter, and is so easily applied that no irritation or pain is caused by its application to raw and inflamed surfaces.

Cuticura, when used as directed, is wonderfully adapted to soothe and heal the most inflamed surface, to allay itchings and irritations that have been the torture of a life-time, to destroy fungus or unnatural growths on the skin and scalp, to cleanse and purify the pores of the skin, and restore to healthy and regular action the oil glands, tubes, and cells, upon whose perfect action depend the preservation of a healthy skin and restoration when diseased. It does not evaporate until the temperature is raised to more than double that of the body, and hence is not dissipated by heat, but remains on the skin until completely absorbed. It does not contain a trace of mercury, arsenic, zinc, or caustic chemicals of any kind. It will not become rancid, or spoil on exposure in any climate. It will be as fresh, fragrant, soothing, and healing fifty years hence as it is to-day. Contrast this with the horrible salves and ointments of the present time! Its fragrant odor is no more grateful than is its agreeable taste, for, be it known, no remedy is better adapted to cure affections of the throat and lungs than Cuticura.

THE SECOND.

A pure skin soap, appropriately named after the great remedy from which it draws its curative properties, is of a delicate natural green color, showing its wholesome origin. Its emollient, soothing, and healing action is the same as Cuticura, only in a modified form. *While it cannot take the place of the latter in the treatment of obstinate skin and scalp affections, it may ably assist it at every stage, and is positively indispensable in most cases.* It is in every respect a pleasing contrast to the filthy products prepared from the refuse of sinks, vats, hotels, hospitals, and rendering-houses, reeking with putrescence and animal parasites and the germs of contagious diseases, and innocently labelled "skin soap." In recommending the Cuticura Soap as an assistant to Cuticura, as well as for the preservation of the skin of infants, of gentlemen who shave, and those who desire a fresh and wholesome skin and scalp, I but fill to the brim the measure of my duty to the public.

Permit me to pause a moment to impress upon all the necessity of frequent washing of the skin and scalp with soap—using plenty of soap (free from caustic alkalies). Whether the skin or scalp is diseased or healthy, do not be afraid of soap. It will assist all other remedies if diseased, and preserve and freshen the healthy skin. Too much ignorance prevails as to its value in the preservation of the skin and scalp. Cuticura Soap is a most fragrant and refreshing application to the skin, and will preserve the complexion better than all the cosmetics in existence. For the toilet, bath, and nursery, it is the purest healing and cleansing soap before the public, and should be eagerly demanded by all who value health, a clear skin, and wholesome complexion.

THE THIRD

great remedy submitted to me is called the Cuticura Resolvent, because of its intimate relation to Cuticura in the cure of skin and scalp diseases. Of all the remedies for the purification of the blood and circulating fluids that I have ever examined, none approach in specific medical action the wonderful properties of the Resolvent. In *forty minutes* after taking the first dose it may be detected by chemical analysis in the saliva, sweat, fat, and blood, showing that it has entered the blood and circulating fluids, and made the entire circuit of the human labyrinth many times. Chemical tests show it to be present in the water with which the patient has bathed on rising in the morning. This wonderful property alone should render it famous, for by thus entering and becoming a part of the circulating fluids it is enabled to traverse every diseased cell, tube, and vessel of the skin, and leave its wholesome medical constituents upon the surface of the body, thus realizing the dream of the greatest French physicians.

But it does more than this. It is a powerful purifying agent and liver stimulant. It neutralizes and resolves away blood poisons, caused by the virus of scrofula, cancer, canker, malarial or contagious diseases.

It destroys microscopic insects or parasites which infest the water and air of malarial regions, and breed many forms of skin diseases, besides destroying the liver and kidneys. And besides all these wonderful properties, it regulates the stomach and bowels so successfully that digestion becomes so perfect as to admit of a rapid increase of wholesome tissue, while the mental and physical forces are so favorably affected that the most obstinate affections, which have been pronounced incurable by the highest medical authorities, are speedily and permanently cured.

Having been charmed, I must confess, with the results of my analyses of these new remedies, my next step was to demonstrate their value in the treatment of the great skin affections usually considered incurable. I know that every word I now write

WILL AWAKEN HOPE

in the breast of many a life-long sufferer. Can I, in a broad and Christian spirit, without prejudice, without reservation, say to those afflicted, Here, in these great natural remedies, is a speedy and permanent cure? With a just sense of the responsibility I assume, I say, I can. There does not exist a case of chronic salt-rheum, tetter, ringworm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, scald-head, dandruff, or itching or scaly eruptions that the Cuticura remedies may not cure, unless the recuperative powers of the glands and tubes are destroyed forever. Instantly they begin their great work. Relief dates from the first application, and a cure speedily follows their faithful use.

HUNDREDS OF LIVING WITNESSES.

The best evidence I can offer in favor of these great remedies is the wonderful cures they have made, cures that have astonished—nay, dumfounded—the noted specialists of the day, and created an excitement among medical men, among druggists, among all classes of society, never equalled by any other remedies in the history of medicines.

Among the many remarkable cures performed by the Cuticura remedies I have space only for the following:

Hon. William Taylor, Boston, Massachusetts, permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities. He says: "I have been so elated with my successful use of the Cuticura remedies that I have stopped men in the streets to tell them of my case."

Charles Houghton, Esq., lawyer, 17 Congress Street, Boston, certifies to a case of eczema or salt-rheum which had been under his personal observation for ten years, and which covered the greater part of the patient's body with its peculiar irritating and itching scab, and to which all known remedies and methods of treating such diseases had been applied without benefit, has completely disappeared, leaving a clean and wholesome skin, under the use of the Cuticura remedies.

Alderman J. A. Tucker, 13 Doane Street, Boston, writes: "I think I have paid for medicines and medical treatment during the last twenty years, all of *three thousand dollars*, without receiving any permanent benefit. Since my cure I have had no trouble from the disease, and have not had such good health in twenty years as during the last six months. I believe it the greatest discovery of this century." Disease, eczema or salt-rheum of the body, limbs, face, and scalp.

Messrs. Dunning Brothers, druggists, Allegan, Mich., write under date of February 11: "A case of leprosy in our poor-house is being cured by the Cuticura remedies. The county had employed all of our doctors, and had sent to New York for advice, but all to no avail. The patient commenced getting better as soon as he began using them. Had been confined to his bed for two and one-half years. Last week he dressed for the first time. When he washed there would a quart of scales come off of him. This happened every day. We think it a wonderful cure." This case is creating great excitement in that section of the country.

H. A. Raymond, Esq., Jackson, Mich., auditor Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad, was cured of scald-head that had resisted all remedies for nine years.

F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura remedies.

P. P. Carroll, Esq., attorney-at-law, 38 Camp Street, New Orleans, writes a long letter, gratefully acknowledging a cure of tetter of the hands, which had afflicted him for years.

Fred. Rohrer, Esq., Cashier Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effects on my baby that I cannot afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says, in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin Street, Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call eczema. We have tried 'most everything, and at last have used about a box of Cuticura, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy."

It would require every column of this paper to do justice to a description of the cures performed by the Cuticura remedies. Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat, and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt-rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face; scald-heads, with loss of hair, without number; heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs; psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases; scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and discharging wounds—each and all of which have been speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the Cuticura remedies.

Of such a record Messrs. Weeks & Potter may be justly proud. It is a grand medical triumph—a triumph that will be gratefully remembered by thousands long after the originators have passed away.

To relieve and permanently cure diseases of the skin and scalp which have been the torture of a lifetime, to replace the repulsive evidences of disease with the glow of health, and thus render beautiful the face of man or woman, is to deserve the gratitude of mankind.

That Cuticura externally applied, with a proper use of the Cuticura Soap and the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, will cure speedily and permanently the worst forms of skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair, I think I have fully demonstrated.

I know that what I have written in these columns will bring

JOY TO MANY,

and I mean it shall. I want to make those happy who, by reason of these affections and diseases, have been unhappy; and that I may do so, I freely proclaim the virtues of the Cuticura remedies, and as long as good-natured editors grant me space in their papers I mean to do so. And as long as Messrs. Weeks & Potter can furnish them at a price within the reach of all who need them, there must be less suffering from these intolerable disorders than ever before. Let me say, in conclusion, what I have before so often said, the Cuticura remedies will cure scalp and skin diseases that have defied the skill and resources of the ablest physicians. I have demonstrated it to be true. A grand curative blessing is thus substituted for death-dealing poisons. Mercury, arsenic, zinc, and lead, and a thousand and one other revolting, poisonous, and senseless things prescribed by ignorance and superstition, must now sink into obscurity before the wonderful healing power of Cuticura. As a humanitarian, I recommend them to humanity. As a physician, I indorse them, and rejoice at their discovery.

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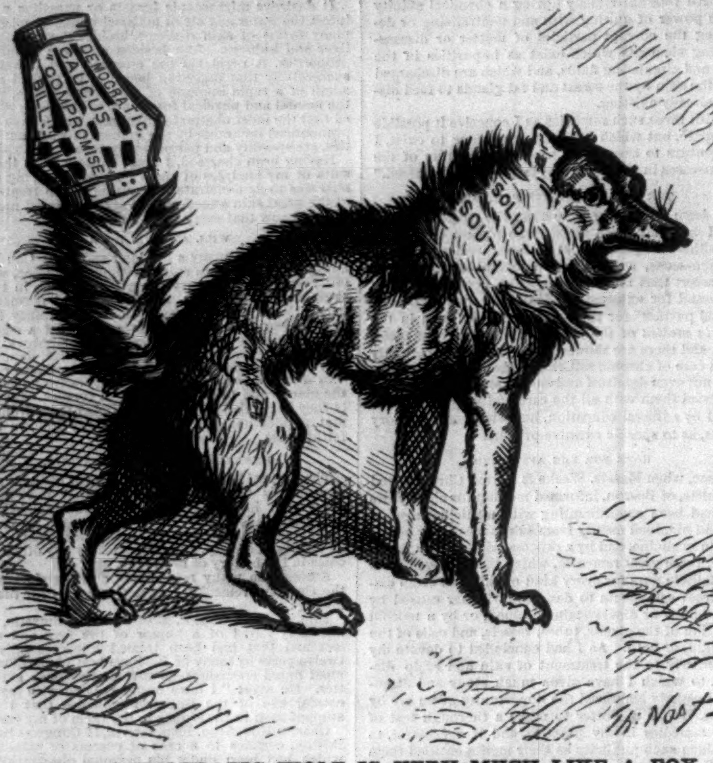
[*] Mary E. Josselyn, M.D., Physician for Diseases of the Skin and Scalp; Consultation Rooms, 71 Madison Avenue, New York.



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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BEGINNING OF THE FIFTY-NINTH VOLUME.

It has been the custom of the publishers of Harper's Magazine from time to time to make announcements to the public, offering special attractions in a forthcoming new volume, and promising to spare no pains or expense necessary to secure improvement in its appearance and contents. These promises they have faithfully kept, availing themselves of every advantage offered by the current progress of art and literature; and thus in the enhanced beauty and interest of the Magazine returning to its readers ample reward for their patronage. The reduced cost of material and labor has also inured to the benefit of the readers, giving them better ink and paper, better engravings, and greater typographical excellence.

The publishers signalize the beginning of the Fifty-ninth Volume of the Magazine and of its thirtieth year by a general and permanent improvement—increasing the size of its type, and enlarging the width of the page. This is the *third* change which has been made in the type of the Magazine—each being in the line of improvement and enhancing its legibility. The present change, viewed in connection with the increased beauty of the illustrations—the result of the recent wonderful progress in art culture and wood-engraving in this country—leaves little to be desired as regards the outward appearance of the Magazine.

But while the publishers of Harper's Magazine will spare no expense to maintain its pre-eminence in mechanical and artistic excellence, they will still hold fast to the maxim, approved by past experience, that the permanent success of a popular periodical depends mainly upon the interest and importance of its reading matter. The conduct of the Magazine upon this principle has made it the accepted type of a popular magazine, giving it the leadership, and making it indispensable to the reading public.

In the field of Fiction the resources of the publishers command the best productions in the language. An eminent instance is the serial novel by Miss Mulock, "Young Mrs. Jardine," begun in the February Number.* For more than twenty years this woman has been received with an unfaltering welcome into hundreds of thousands of American homes as a guest, bringing hearty and innocent entertainment. Next to "John Halifax, Gentleman," the novel by which her first popularity was won, "Young Mrs. Jardine" is her best love-story—representing the full ripeness of her wonderful genius. In the August Number will be begun two new serial stories by two of the strongest living English novelists—one entitled "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," by William Black, and the other, "Mary Anerley," by R. D. Blackmore.

The July Number will contain a bright paper by C. C. Carroll on "Narragansett Pier," with sixteen beautiful illustrations; "The Land o' Burns," by W. H. Rideing, with picturesque illustrations; the third paper of Howard Pyle's beautifully illustrated series, "A Peninsular Canaan;" the beginning of a series of papers by S. G. W. Benjamin, entitled "Fifty Years of American Art (1828–1878)," with beautifully engraved copies of paintings by noted American artists; an illustrated humorous poem, "The Owl Critic," by James T. Fields; "The Mowing," a poem by S. H. M. Byers, with a fine illustration by Fredericks; a sketch of Revolutionary heroism, "The Storming of Stony Point," by H. P. Johnson, illustrated; an illustrated short story, "A Romance of Easthampton," by A. A. Hayes, Jr.; two short stories, "The Happy Island," by Edward Everett Hale, and "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," by Henry James, Jr.; "Recollections of Charles Sumner," by E. P. Whipple; a continuation of Miss Mulock's "Young Mrs. Jardine," and other matter of timely and general interest.

It is the aim of the publishers to make each Number of the Magazine superior to its predecessors, and that their efforts are appreciated by the public is evinced by the rapid increase, since the beginning of the current year, of its already immense circulation. To a new generation of readers, it is still Harper's *New* Monthly Magazine, and, independently of its past success, it makes each month a fresh bid for popular favor.

* To New Subscribers.—In order that new subscribers may have the earlier chapters of this remarkable novel, "Young Mrs. Jardine," the publishers will send, gratuitously, to those remitting four dollars for one year's subscription beginning with the June Number, the Numbers for February, March, April, and May.

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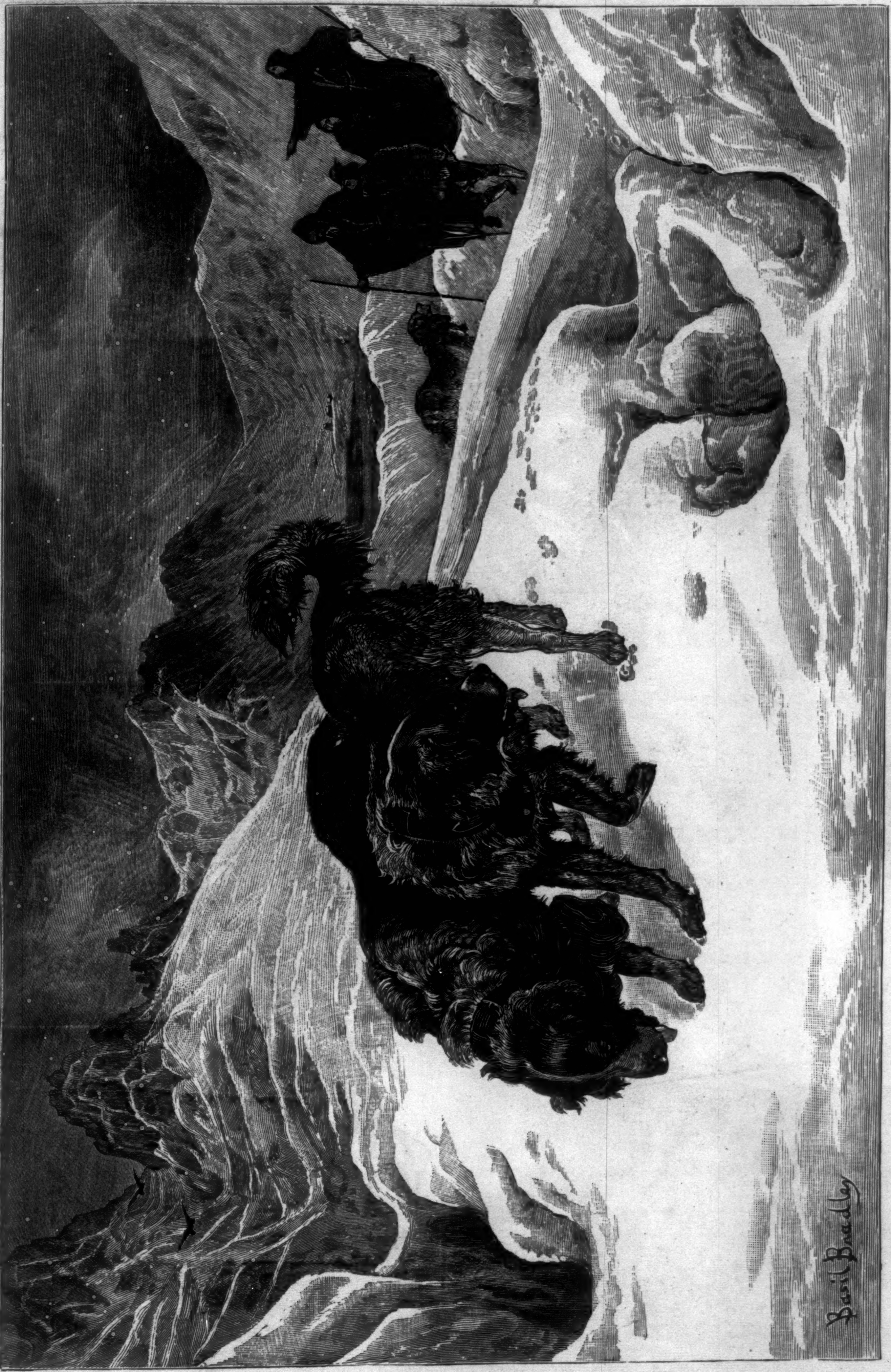


"A MISSION OF MERCY."—FROM A PAINTING BY BASIL BRADLEY.

"A MISSION OF MERCY."

ADMIRATION is constantly being extorted from men by denizens of the animal world; but no other creature can command more of respect or even reverence than the St. Bernard dog. The instinct of saving life with which he is endowed is coupled with an intelligence which makes his efforts effective. Others of his species form attachments to special individuals, and numerous are the stories told of the services rendered by them on occasions of disaster; but the St. Bernard dog is a great and general philanthropist, risking his life continually to succor those in whom he has no interest, and to whom he is utterly unknown. As one writer tells us: "The heroic self-denial with which he devotes his life to such a noble purpose has, by universal consent, hallowed by antiquity, entitled him to a prefix given to no other animal—that of 'Saint.'"

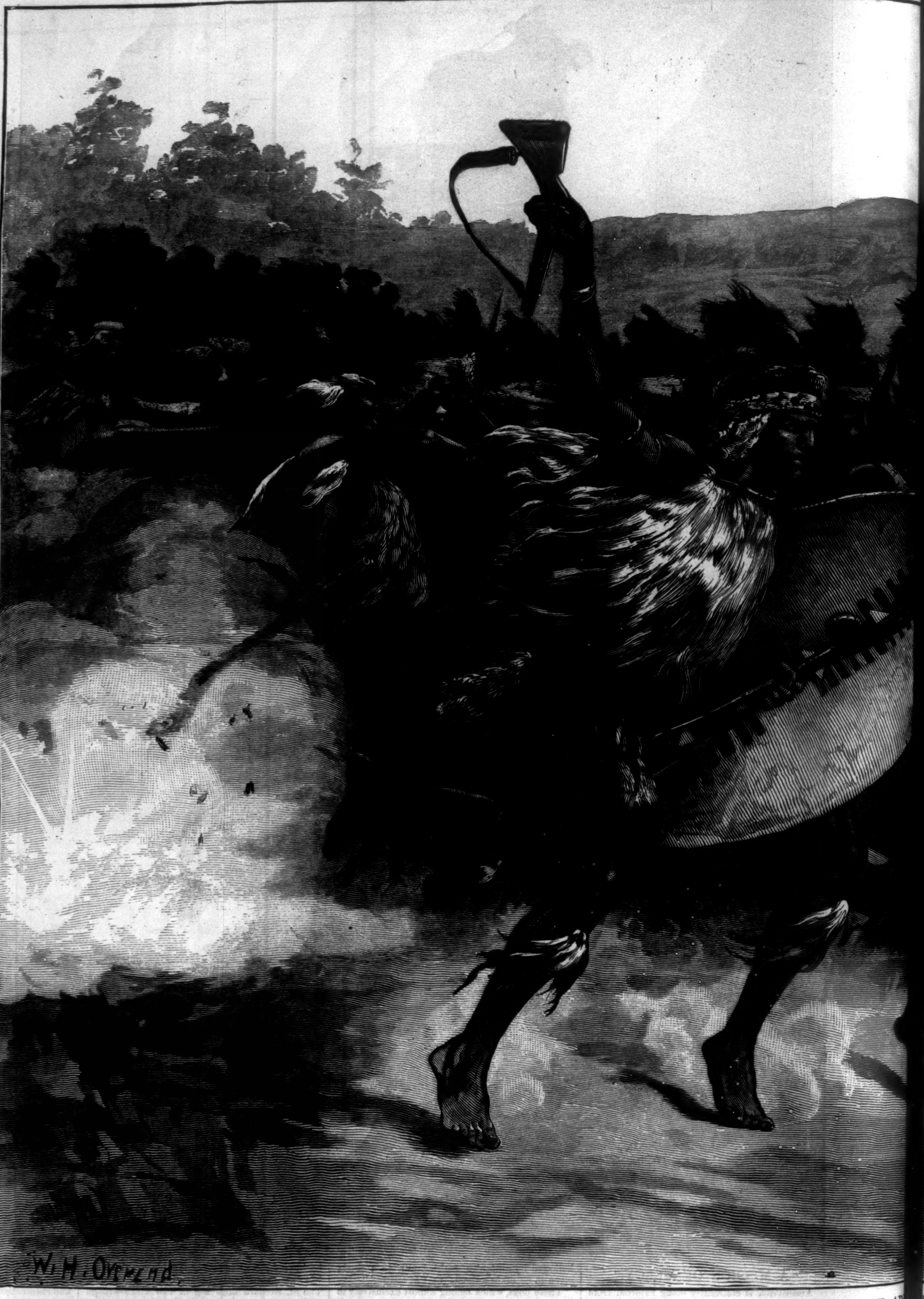
These dogs, which belong almost exclusively to the mountainous districts of Savoy, were originally introduced by ST. BERNARD DE MEUTHON, who in the year 962 is said to have founded the well-known monastery as a half-way house for travellers across the Alps. In the Hospice Chapel there is still to be seen a painting representing the pious monk with his dog by his side. Since then the monks have never been known to be without their dogs. Accidents involving great fatalities among these animals, such as awful avalanches, have from time to time occurred; but these casualties were immediately overcome by the monks sending into the valleys round about for dogs that had been sent out from the hospice when puppies as presents to certain of the neighboring nobility and gentry. In this way the breed has been kept distinct since the tenth century. The St. Bernard dogs are of two kinds—rough and smooth coated—both having the same characteristics except in the length of their hair. The color is various, tawny and brindle most prevailing. A clearly marked line up the face meeting with a similar one round the neck is considered a great point of excellence by the monks. Nothing would induce them to part with a dog of this marking, it being supposed by them to resemble the distinctive badge of their order—a piece of white lace, which they wear round the neck as a collar and carry down the back to the waist.

The number of dogs kept at the hospice rarely exceeds six, and in winter only four are used each day—two on the Italian side, and two on the Swiss side. Two monks, accompanied by two servants and two dogs, start at eight o'clock every morning down each side of the mountain on the look-out for lost travellers. At night also, particularly if the wind blows, some of them are sent out. They traverse all the paths about the mountains, and their scent is so keen that they can discover the traveller, even if he be buried several feet beneath the snow. As soon as the dogs find a traveller they begin by uttering a deep howl, which the monks hear, and go to their assistance. At the same time the sagacious animals commence digging and scraping away the snow, and in this way, if not buried too deeply, they frequently succeed in uncovering the body. Generally a flask of some kind of cordial is fastened around their necks, and if the traveller has sufficient strength he refreshes himself with this while waiting for assistance to arrive.

The St. Bernard dogs have been made the subject of poems, pictures, and tales innumerable, so that there is scarcely a child in any country who is not familiar with their appearance and stories of their noble deeds. Among other well-known writers who have paid them a just tribute of admiration is MRS. STOWE. In her *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* she graphically describes the dogs she saw at St. Bernard as follows: "Seven great dogs were sunning themselves on the porch. They are of a tawny color, short-haired, broad-chested, and strong-limbed. As to size, I have seen much larger Newfoundland dogs in Boston. I made one of them open his mouth, and can assure you it was as black as night—a fact which would seem to imply Newfoundland blood. In fact, the breed—originally from Spain—is supposed to be a cross between the Pyrenean and Newfoundland. The biggest of them was called Pluto. For my part, I was a little uneasy among them as they went walloping and frisking around me, flouncing and rolling over each other on the stone floor, and making every now and then the most hideous noises it ever came into a dog's head to conceive. As I saw them biting each other in their clumsy frolics, I began to be afraid lest they should take it into their heads to treat me as one of the family, and so stood ready to run. The man who showed them to me wished to know if I should like to see some puppies, to which, in the ardor of natural history, I assented; so he opened the door of a little stone closet, and, sure enough, there lay madam in state with four little blind snub-nosed pledges. As the man picked up one of these, and held it up before me in all the helplessness of infancy, looking for all the world like a rolly-poly pudding with a short tail to it, I could not help querying in my mind, Are you going to be a St. Bernard dog? One of the large dogs, seeing the door open, thought now was a good time to examine the premises, and so walked briskly into the kennel, but was received by the amiable mother with such a sniff of the nose as sent him howling back into the passage apparently a much wiser and better dog than he had been before. Their principal use is to find paths in the deep snow, when the Fathers go out to look for travellers, as they always do in stormy weather. They are not long-lived; neither man nor animal can stand the severe temperature and the thin air for a long time. Many of the dogs die from diseases of the lungs and rheumatism, besides those killed by accidents, such as the falling of avalanches, etc. A little while ago so many died that they were fearful of losing the breed altogether, and were obliged to recruit by sending down into the valleys for some they had given away. One of the monks told us that when they went out after the dogs in the winter storms, all they could see of them was their tails moving through the snow. The monks themselves can stand the climate but a short time, and then they are obliged to go down and live in the valleys below, while others take their places."

Anecdotes of the wonderful sagacity of the St. Bernard dogs, and the strange antics they occasionally perform in the service of their masters, are both numerous and entertaining. The following one, told by Sir **Thomas Dick Lander**, is culled from a charming volume entitled *Dogs and their Doings*, prepared by the Rev. F. O. **Morris**, and published by **Harper & Brothers**. Sir **Thomas**, who for many years resided at Grange House, Edinburgh, had a fine dog of the St. Bernard breed presented to him. After describing many of Bass's characteristics, his owner goes on to say: "He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen who delivers letters here, though he was not the man whom I have already had occasion to mention. It was the duty of the postman I now allude to, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter-bag from one receiving-house to another, and this big bag he used to give to Bass to carry. Bass always followed that man through all the villas in the neighborhood where he had deliveries to make, and he invariably parted with him opposite to the gate of the convent of St. Margaret, and returned home. When our gate was shut to prevent his following the postman, the dog always leaped a high gate to get after him. One day when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. Bass went up to the man, curiously scanning his face, while the man retired from the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and very anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, Bass followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all that he could to keep possession of it. But at length Bass, seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind-legs, and putting a great fore-paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him flat on his back in the road, and quietly picking up the bag, he proceeded peaceably on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose, and followed the dog, making every now and then an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give up the bag. At the first house he came to he told his fears and the dilemma he was in, but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog always carried the bag. Bass walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road, till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, where he dropped the bag, and making his bow to the man, he returned home."

It is a remarkable fact that the largest and best collections of these noble dogs are to be found not in their true home among the Alps, but in other countries. In England, for instance, the Rev. **Cumming Macdona**, of West Kirby, paid so much attention to the St. Bernard species that he finally came to possess a kennel larger and of better quality than that of the Alpine hospice. His well-known champion dog Tell, the winner of a hundred prizes, was never beaten. This beautiful animal retired upon his well-earned laurels when he took the champion prize at the Crystal Palace in 1870. At one time the monks of St. Bernard wrote to Mr. **Macdona**, stating that they should rely upon him to replenish their stock in case of any accident happening to it. The most famous of the many noble animals whose lives have been passed in rescuing Alpine travellers was Barry. This magnificent creature died in the year 1815, having in his time saved over forty persons from death. It would indeed be hard to estimate the number of lives saved every year by these devoted friends of humanity. Thousands of travellers cross the St. Bernard Pass every winter, of whom hundreds owe their safety and their lives to the guidance and unerring instinct of these dogs in tracking the paths, and finding those who have been overcome with cold.



ZULU METHOD OF AD

ENGLISH AND ZULUS.

No better evidence is wanted of what is called the "pluck" of the English nation than the enthusiasm with which her soldiers leave their native country and go out to Africa to wage war with a race of savages whose blood-thirsty instincts and overwhelming numbers, together with their treacherous methods of fighting, make them the most revolting as well as the most dangerous of enemies. To their credit be it said that officers and men seem to accept this kind of service with the same willingness that they go to encounter a civilized foe. When any protest is made, it comes in some such shape as the following humorous paragraph from the pen of Captain **Thomas J. Lucas**, whose experiences with the Cape Mounted Rifles form the basis of a most entertaining volume: "Some discriminating individual has truly observed, with more originality than elegance, that a Caffre war is 'the snob of all wars.' In this service the British warrior neither lives nor dies like a gentleman. Opposed to savages, who are in the habit of skulking behind stones and bushes, and literally stalking their opponents, he falls ingloriously, without seeing his enemy, and deprived even of the poor satisfaction of a shot in return." Our readers will remember that in our last Supplement we devoted some space to the consideration of the Zulu Caffres as warriors. The subject, however, was by no means exhausted, and in connection with the accompanying striking engraving we shall borrow a fe
and other volumes
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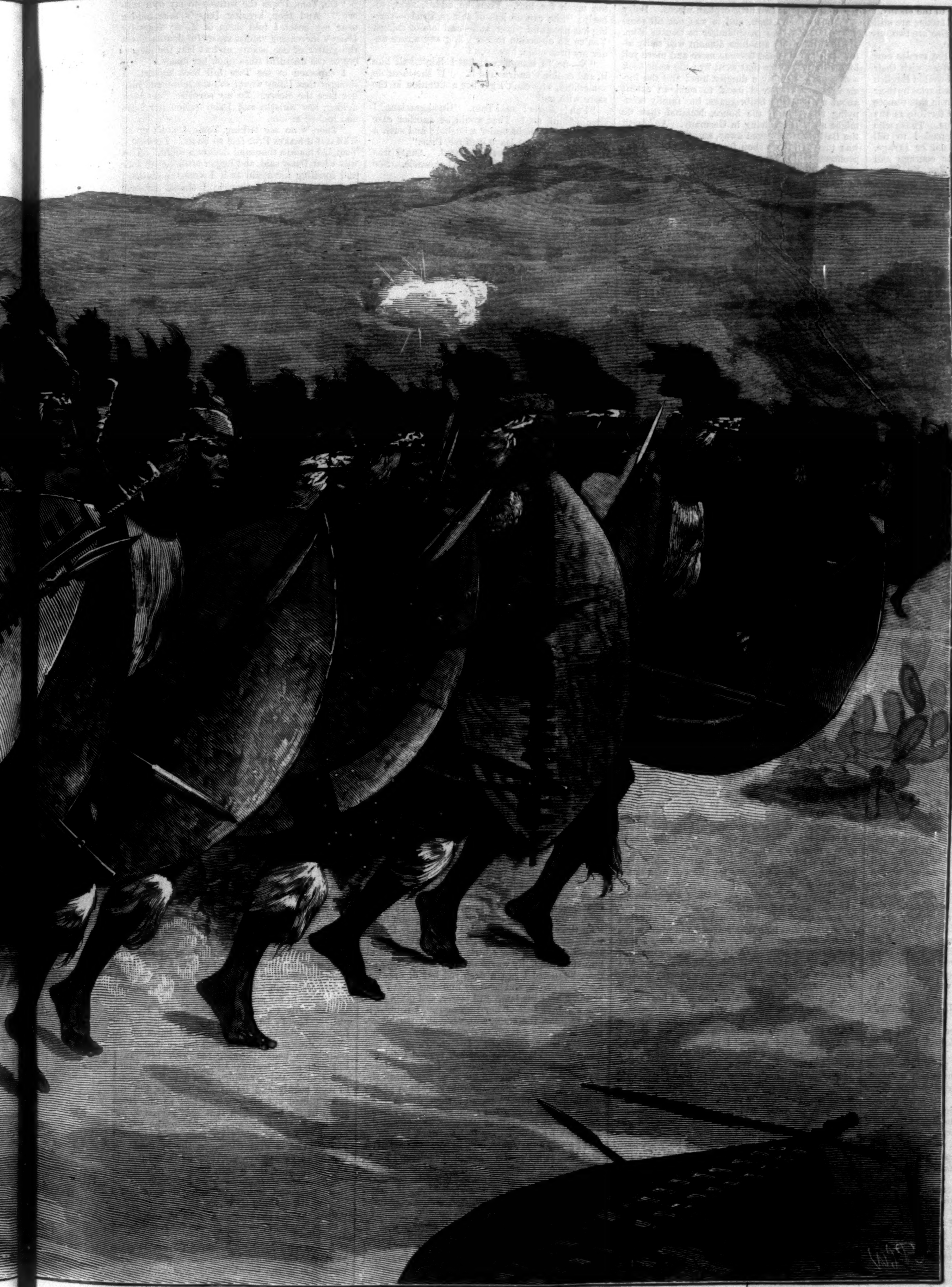

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treat to bush with marvellous dexterity, delivering his fire, and then sinking, as it were, into the very earth without offering any visible point of attack. And this, too, in ground where a hare or a partridge could alone apparently find cover. Equally unsatisfactory when killed, he "cuts up badly," his personal property in all likelihood consisting of nothing more valuable than one or two brass curtain-rings, an old curb chain, which serves him in lieu of a bracelet, with two or three assegais, very inferior in point of workmanship, and a Brummagem-looking gun, which might be purchased in any civilized country for ten shillings. His pouch of rough untanned leather will probably contain some twelve or thirteen zinc or leaden bullets, badly cast, with their jagged edges left uncut, and a small bunch of charmed twigs, with which his prophet Umlangeni insures protection against sudden death.

Cattle constitute his worldly wealth and only means of traffic or exchange. Should he wish to marry, the problem stands thus: Given so many cows, find the style of wife required, her beauty and accomplishments rising in exact ratio to the number of horns he can bring into the market. Does he commit murder or rob his comrades, the foul disgrace is only to be wiped away with cattle, which lapse as a sort of fine to his chief, who is seldom debarred by modest scruples from taking them. To wrest these from his strongholds is the great aim of the British soldier; indeed, the art and mystery of cattle-driving may be considered indispensable to the warrior who desires to be famous in Caffre warfare› success being estimated less by the number of scalps which adorn his belt, or the excellence of his manœuvres in the field, than by the number of heifers he may drive patriarchal-like before his victorious columns.

The regular forces employed in fighting the Caffres being in ordinary times small, the colonial government calls in the assistance of levies from various parts of the country. Some of these are Europeans; the remainder embrace every variety of caste, from the "Day and Martin" nigger to the parchment-faced Bushman. Here may be seen runaway sailors, discharged soldiers, scamps out of employ, and ragged rascals of every description, who prefer the glorious profession of arms to hard work of any kind. Like all soldiers clothed and shod by contract, their outfit, furnished by the slop-sellers, exhibits, as might be supposed, an agreeable variety of costume, the military forage cap mingling sociably with the paletot and short boots of private life. Their sense of discipline not being strict, they are accustomed to look upon the most ordinary commands of their superior officers as admitting of argument. Thus, when required to mount sentry, they consider their doing so as a "personal favor," and are apt, after remaining, as they suppose, a sufficiently long time on watch, to notify the fact to the corporal of the guard by firing off their muskets, and possibly shooting some stray wanderer who is unfortunate enough to cross their beats. Nothing can give an adequate idea of their grotesque appearance on the line of march: the utter absence of all regularity, their guns sloping at a hundred different angles, their rolling gait, the number of miscellaneous odds and ends they carry, and loose ropes towing overboard. Frequently they are perfectly uncontrollable, their officers having abandoned all idea of discipline as hopeless. Thus they go along in a confused rabble, each one walking his own pace, and carrying his weapon as he pleases, while frequently the way is enlivened by jesting and laughter. Yet, if the truth may be told, these troops are in every way a valuable auxiliary to the regular forces, whose strict discipline and general inability to think for themselves unfit them for the guerrilla warfare that plays an important part in every conflict with the Caffre tribes.

The army of Zululand, with which the English and their strange auxiliaries have to contend, owes its organization to Chaka, the general whose indomitable military skill has made his tribe distinguished above all others of the Caffre race. "There can be no doubt," writes the Rev. Joseph Shooter, "that, generally speaking, these people are deficient in courage, and that the conquests achieved by Chaka were due in a far greater measure to himself and the discipline he established than to the bravery of his soldiers." It is also stated by another important authority on Caffre subjects that Chaka maintained a "system of espionage by which at all times he knew the condition and strength of every tribe around him, both independent and tributary. It was also Chaka's custom to conceal the destination of his army until the moment before starting. We learn that "when all was ready for entering upon the march, he confided to one general his design, and to him he intrusted the command should he not lead his army in person." Further on the same writer tells us "he made it an invariable rule to address his warriors at their departure, and his language was generally studied to raise their expectations and excite them in the hour of battle. He particularly detailed them to the road his spies had pointed out, inducing them to believe that they were going to attack any party but the one actually designed. This concealment was intended to prevent treasonable